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WEEK ENDING SEPT. 5 1925

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Beginning in This Issue CAUSE FOR MURDER *By Henry C. Rowland*

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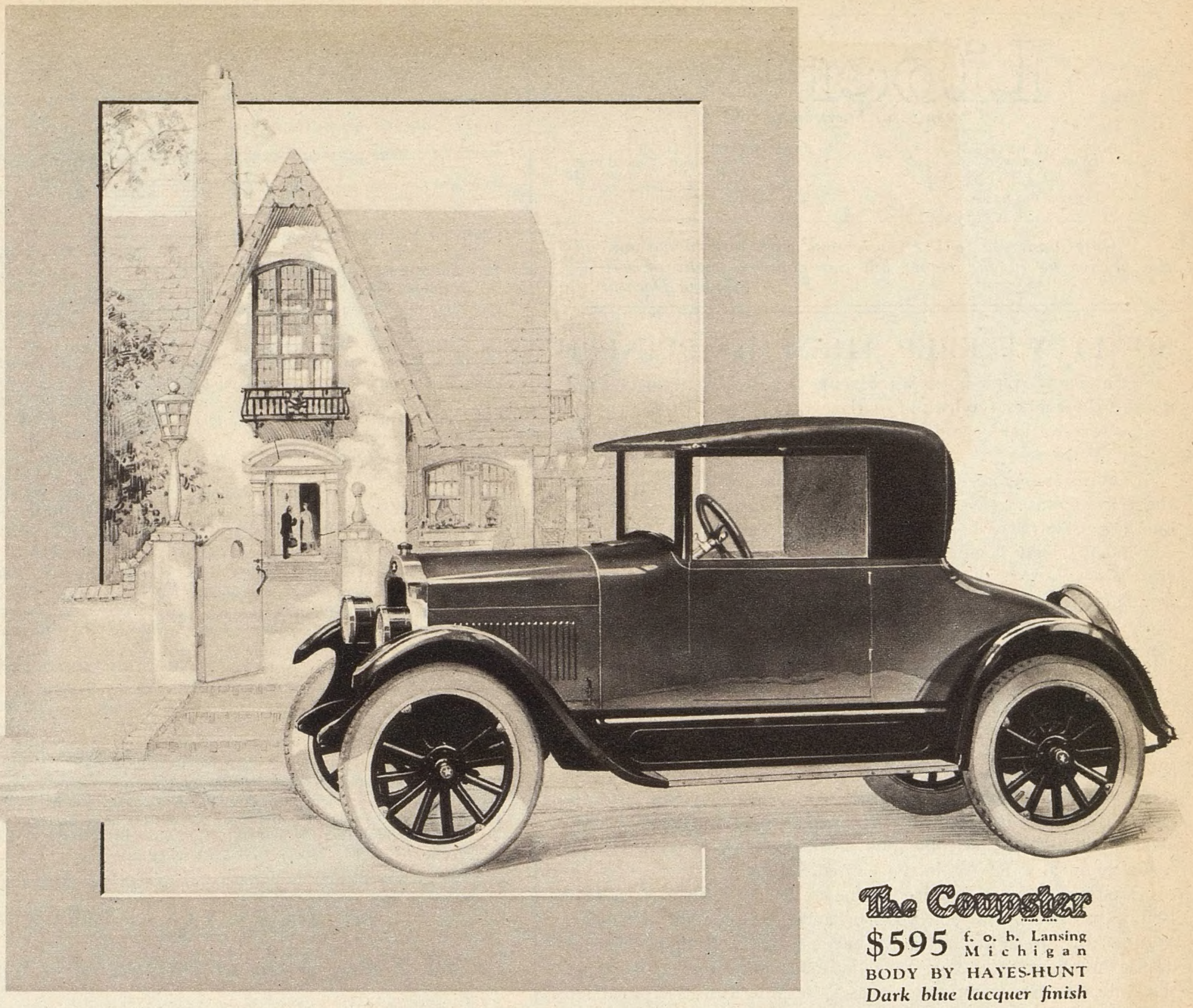

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SEPT. 5, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 2 NO. 18

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710
London: 138 Fleet Street, E. C. 4
Paris: 1 Rue Scribe

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710
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Paris: 1 Rue Scribe

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

SHALL WE KEEP THE PHILIPPINES?

Americans consume about seventy-five to seventy-seven per cent of the rubber production of the world. The British produce nearly seventy per cent of the raw rubber. The Dutch produce nearly all the rest.

Rubber is nowhere else in the world so important as it is in the United States. Nowhere else does life travel so extensively on tires. The British producer virtually controls the American consumer. That is not an accident. The British have earned their power.

They get their rubber in Malay, Ceylon, and India. They took these lands in imperial expansion long ago. Rubber is an American product. The exploring and conquering whites in South and Central America found that a substance new to them was obtained by Indians from a tree.

In 1876 the British transplanted in their Asiatic islands and mainland trees which had been grown from Brazil seed in the Kew Gardens in London. That was long before anyone possibly could know what rubber would mean in present-day life. It was useful. It made erasers, raincoats, rubber overshoes, ink rollers, elastic, and many other things, but nevertheless it was not a basic requirement as it now is in the United States.

Lasting empires require brains as well as swords. Great Britain has had both. The British had virtual control of rubber, obtained by foresight, and now they use it. A trade restriction limits the export of rubber from British plantations. Firestone, the American tire manufacturer, says the American user of rubber may have paid $300,000,000 more because of this restriction before the end of this year. Great Britain has nearly a half billion dollars in rubber production, the United States considerably less than $50,000,000.

The United States has the Philippines, by conquest just as Great Britain has its Asiatic possessions. The American Department of Commerce, after investigation, reported last year that there were unlimited areas in South and Central America and in the Philippines for the production of rubber.

To produce American rubber in the countries south of us means the importation of labor, preferably Chinese, and agreements, treaties, and concessions. There are obstacles to the planting of American rubber in the southern countries, but one great advantage. Even in war the trade route could be defended.

Filipino labor could be used in the Philippine plantations. No international arrangements would be required, but a greater military efficiency would be. If the American supply of rubber is to come from Philippine plantations, as the world's supply now comes from British and Dutch, the route by which it comes must be as secure as the route by which the British send out their production. That is not the case now.

The Philippines may be a great advantage or a great disadvantage to the United States, the one if they are defensible, the other if they are not. Ships, bases, and fuel oil at the bases—Hawaii is the great one we have in the Pacific—are the defenses. Defend the Philippines or let them go. Defend them and use them to their profit and ours.

Three hundred million dollars is a stiff price for America to pay in one year because of a foreign trade restriction on an essential article. Two years of that otherwise expended would make our peace impregnable and eventually our rubber our own.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Young Man in Pursuit of a Career

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS, author of one of Liberty's liveliest thrillers, *The Shock Punch,* knows what he wants. He is—to use his own language—hell-bent on a Career. In a breezily entertaining article called *Looking Ahead at Twenty-Seven* he will tell you next week all about his future. You'll like it. So many people are talking about their pasts!

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Ruth Malcomson reads her Bible every day and sings in the church choir. A year ago she was officially declared the most beautiful girl in America. She writes of her amazing adventure—all about how it happened—in *How I Became Miss America.*

Elsie Janis, imparting what she knows of *The Rosy Road to Success,* romps merrily through an account of her early trials and tribulations on the stage.

Walter Davenport applies the noncommittal title, *Society,* to an inimitably droll tale of crooks and the socially elect.

And *Perley Poore Sheehan* contributes a vivid, colorful short story about a girl and a ghostly leopard—a strange romance of the movies and the mystic East, called *Heart and Claw.*

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The air was fragrant with a blend of brine and pine. Really no sort of night for a murder, David thought. A night to live. A night to love.

CAUSE *for* MURDER

A Three-Part Story of Plot and Counter-Plot for the Life of a Super-Blackmailer

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

Pictures by CLARK FAY

PART I

SITTING there by the open window of his room in Osborne Mowther's shooting lodge, down at the south end of Pamlico Sound, David Custis reflected that he had probably just watched the sunset for the last time.

It had been a flaming, gorgeous sunset, more like that of some tropic isle of everlasting summer than one just inside Cape Hatteras on New Year's Eve. But it happens so, down there. With the Gulf Stream only thirty miles off shore, a southeasterly breeze wafts in a bit of the tropics at odd moments, sunset and all.

David's chief interest in this one had been his doubt that he would ever see another. He was fatally bogged, as much as if Mowther had pushed him off the edge of the bank into the quicksand under the water of that pond over near the center of the island, where they sometimes shot black mallards, and had to be so careful about the retrievers. But the shifting sand under eighteen inches of water would be quicker and cleaner. David knew that he was temperamentally unequal to support a long and tedious trial for his life, followed probably by a longer and more tedious prison term.

His choice now lay between this and suicide. David had immediately elected the latter. His views on the ethics of suicide were less Christian than Oriental, and for a man in his position, the Japanese, he thought, were right. If he had been guilty of the crime for which he was to be indicted he would have gone through with it, prison and all. But David did not feel that an innocent man was morally obliged to endure a long term of penal servitude rather than submit to the coercion of a blackmailer.

He had, of course, considered the advisability of murdering Mowther (might as well call things by name), but dismissed such an alternative as a dirty job, unfit a gentleman, less in the act itself than in the furtive, stealthy means required to escape its consequences.

Now that the blow had fallen, David was just beginning to recover from his dazed astonishment that during the seven years of his absorbing professional life as Mowther's associate—for there had not been a business partnership—he had never once realized that there was any blow to fall. Nothing in Mowther's friendly treatment once hinted at it. David had been far too busy defending others to imagine the necessity of having one day to defend himself. Thank heaven, at least, that he had also been too busy to establish any close ties and responsibilities, to fall in love and marry and estab-

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lish a domestic circle to be now involved in his ruin.

Curious that it should have been seven years ago to this very day, New Year's Eve, that his unconscious bondage began. Reviewing the fatal incident in his mind, David could not see that he had been to blame. It was natural that when caught up unexpectedly in such a jam, a student in his last year at law school should have acted on the advice of a member of the faculty, a lecturer on criminal law, and a man who was to the student body a sort of superman. The idea of a subsequent blackmail could not possibly have occurred to him.

Well, one could never tell. No doubt the devil in human guise was still walking up and down. Mowther, it now appeared, had been one of the carnal disguises for his satanic majesty. He had at that time been quick to see his opportunity for slipping the impalpable shackles on a useful serf, and he had taken it. His subsequent interest in David had been all a part of it, inviting him on graduation to become his associate, extending to him the hospitality of his home.

This had appeared a reasonable arrangement to everybody, including David himself. He was admittedly the pick of his class, and Mowther, whose legal business was big, might be expected to need a young and promising associate. Although primarily a criminal lawyer, he had become, by virtue of his acquaintanceship and position, the trustee of a number of large estates, and the details of their management was considerable. Mowther had expressed the desire to devote the most of his time to such business, and to turn over to David, who showed a marked ability for the defense of criminal cases, the bulk of this work.

Besides his keenness, the young Virginian had the qualities of temperament and presence and a magnetic faculty for obsessing the group mind of a jury with his plea that very soon began to bear its fruits. He was a natural born orator, impassioned on the surface, coolly calculating underneath. He knew his law.

IN the defense of a client, that client's innocence or guilt became to David merely an academic detail by which his defense of the individual was not influenced. David had no scruple at all about the clearing of an individual, no matter how guilty he might be. Once when challenged on something of the sort David had merely shrugged and said to a group in his club: "If a surgeon, a great specialist, were summoned to trephine a man who had got knocked in the head while engaged in the murder of his family, that surgeon would make the best job possible, wouldn't he? Well, it's the same with us."

And now here had come along in due course of the day's work the celebrated Donay fratricide case, one that threatened to prove David's first important defeat. There did not seem to be any loophole for successful defense. Conviction and the death sentence were, so far as anybody could foresee, absolutely certain.

But because David alone was in this case convinced of his client's innocence, more from what might be called an occult instinct than from anything else, he did not despair, even when told by Mowther on his return from a trip to Europe that in the first place he had done wrongly to take the case.

Then, this very afternoon, when they had been together in the blind, waiting fruitlessly for ducks, had come the showdown. Mowther, who had been silent, said as suddenly and startlingly as if he had fired his gun:

"Well, how about that Donay case, David?"

"I've got a hunch that I am going to win."

"So have I . . . if you really try to."

David turned slowly and stared at him. "What do you mean, if I really try to?"

"Merely that I don't want you to try to, and I hope you will respect my wishes in the matter. The man is unquestionably guilty as hell, and in this one case I make an exception in wanting the law to take its course with a client in my office. I want him convicted and executed."

"Will you tell me why, sir?"

"No. I dislike to be autocratic, but for once I see fit to be so. My instructions to you are that you lose this case. That won't be hard."

"But, Mr. Mowther, I really believe the man to be innocent. . . ."

"We've been all over that. I believe him to be guilty of the worst form of homicide, which is a fratricide for greed. I have believed him to be guilty of this crime from the start." His head turned slowly, like the head of a bird of prey, and he gave David the same bleak, pale-eyed glare. "Just as from the start I have always believed you to be guilty of having murdered and robbed Tim Grogan."

The blow had fallen, and the more stunningly because David had never for one second realized the possibility of so crushing a one from such a source. He could not speak, could scarcely think, in fact. Even his cool, clear, forensic mind was for the moment paralyzed.

MOWTHER did not interrupt the silence that followed. David began to gather his faculties together. Another man, or one of the same ilk but placed in different circumstances, might have flown into a rage. David did nothing of the sort. He was chilled to the marrow of his mentality. And by this time he knew Mowther very well. He understood perfectly that Mowther was lying when he stated his belief in David's guilt.

At last, with a dry tongue, he said steadily enough:

"Then am I to understand that if I win this case I must expect to find myself in the present condition of my client?"

"You are," Mowther answered, briefly.

"How about yourself, as accessory after the fact?"

"That question is hardly worthy of your legal knowledge. Such a charge could be avoided in any one of so many different ways. Information lodged anonymously and leading to the examination of your fingerprints. Or merely my direct statement that the suspicion of your guilt had never occurred to me until recently, due then to some unguarded remark of yours."

David drew a deep breath. His shock of surprise was not that Mowther should be guilty of such a threat of blackmail, but that he should desire to make use of it. However, there might be any one of several reasons for this. The roots and tendrils of Mowther's many hidden affairs were, David knew, like those of a mangrove swamp.

He said hopelessly: "Do you realize that you are not only coercing me to let a man whom I firmly believe to be innocent go to the chair, but telling me at the same time that for the rest of my life every voluntary act of mine must be subject to your permission? That, even more, I am to consider myself compelled to do anything that you may choose to dictate, without reference to my own desire, conscience, or disadvantage? That you might see fit to force me to an active crime instead of, as in this case, be guilty of a passive one?"

"Yes, I appreciate all that, but it's not likely. I've had this hold on you for seven years today, and this is the first time I've seen fit to use it. I saw my chance when I came on you with Grogan's wallet in your hands. Why else should I have been so ready to build up a young man who was able, I thought, to cut me out at the end of a few years of my promoting and exploiting?"

"So that was the game," David muttered. "And I thought you a superman. One of those rare exalted human beings who shine from the reflection of his place in the sun."

"Well, I should say you've had time to know a little better than that," Mowther said, indifferently. "At any rate, you know it now, and that's the main thing. *You are to lose this case.*"

SITTING now by his open window with no sense of its chill, waiting for the dinner chimes and with the sounds of talk and laughter from below, David realized that for once he had missed a trick: that he should have killed Mowther then and there—made of the tragedy a hunting accident. This last half hour of concentrated thought had altered David's decision. He would not kill himself . . . just yet. He meant to murder Osborne Mowther.

The danger all lay in the fact of Mowther's having possibly left incriminating evidence in such a form and place that it would come to light in the event of his death. But David did not believe this to be the case. Mowther was not the sort to care what might happen to anybody after his own death, and if he had felt the need of some precautionary measure for his own safety in David's regard, he would have said as much.

There was apt to be something also, David felt sure, on which Mowther had not counted: the rebellion in David's soul as he came fully to appreciate the toils in which he found himself; that he was no longer a free man, but a degraded serf. Or, at least, that he would be that thing, if he submitted, for as long as Mowther lived. Mowther seemed to have missed the action of which David was capable to end immediately such an insupportable position—that of suicide . . . or murder.

For on one point of crime David had always held but a single opinion, that of the whole list blackmail was about the lowest, devoid of any of the features that lend a certain romance and glamour to forms of graft requiring astuteness, or daring, or dexterity.

David held also that for the victim of blackmail who possessed any self-respect at all there were but two courses open—whether to defy the extortion and take the consequences, whatever they might be, or to remove immediately the source.

His knowledge of Mowther now assured him that the man would carry out his threat. This had, at first thought, meant suicide for David. He could not support prison, while his ethical views on suicide were stoical. Since he refused absolutely to continue living as Mowther's abject vassal, and declined to defend so feebly a man he believed to be innocent as to administer another push on the shoulders of that one toward the chair, there remained only the alternative of suppressing Mowther. If, then, there were uncovered incriminating evidence *in re* Tim Grogan, David would be under compulsion to make a thorough job of it—murder *and* suicide.

This conclusion, reached some time before, was now saved further milling over and over by the dinner summons. David rose, slipped on the black velvet dinner coat customary there, and went down. Now that he had

reached a definite decision, he found himself composed.

The shooting party was a small but gay one—Mr. and Mrs. Mowther, a Mrs. Stallwell, Miss Edmee Tracey, and a man of about David's age, named, inanely enough, Crowleigh Black. David had often wondered why this latter was so much in evidence at the Mowthers' entertainments and about their house.

Crowleigh Black, on coming of age, had inherited a well-invested fortune of over a million dollars, which he appeared to have frittered entirely away without anything at all to show for it. This left him, so far as David could perceive, with no assets of any sort whatever, unless a patter of sometimes amusing small talk and well-fed good looks might be counted such.

Black was also the boudoir page of Elaine Mowther, a very beautiful young woman, who, as David had some reason to believe, treated her husband pretty badly.

Mrs. Stallwell was a pretty and free-spoken young woman of about Mrs. Mowther's age, divorcee of some three seasons, careless of what was thought and said of her, restless, discontented, and obviously looking for some sort of new and promising venture or adventure.

Edmee Tracey was a Bostonian, some sort of distant cousin of Mowther's, David understood. She had attracted him at first sight in a sort of impersonal way, because she impressed him as being the type of womanhood that keeps up the mental and physical standards of a race without missing any of the joy of living.

THE attraction was mutual, and it had grown rapidly in the course of the three days they had spent waiting for proper ducking weather. The two were, in fact, at that stage of unconscious affinity that requires only a spark to effect the fusion.

Mowther had mentioned casually to David that morning in the blind that Edmee had inherited a considerable fortune in her own right, but involved in litigations, and that he, Mowther, had been trying to disentangle it.

"There's your chance, David," he had said. "Edmee is foot-loose and heart whole and claims to be fancy free. But since we've been boxed up here I'm not so sure. I seem to detect a tiny scratching sound at the bark of that hamadryad's tree. The man who lets her out will get a mighty lovely nymph, with her red lips pursing a million dollar kiss. . . . "

David had not given this latter fact undue importance. The guarded statements of his host had robbed it entirely of the little it might have had. Mowther had several times complained that he needed to be the doctor of big sick estates. David had an idea that he charged them with the full fees of such a specialist.

Nobody appeared ever to have heard of Elaine until she married Mowther, though they heard and saw a good deal of her thereafter.

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When they had been together in the blind, waiting fruitlessly for ducks, had come the showdown. Mowther said suddenly: "I have always believed you to be guilty of having murdered and robbed Tim Grogan."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

As David knew, her conspicuous passion was the spending of very large amounts of money on clothes and jewels and costly places of resort and entertaining. He had seen Mowther, a free spender himself, going over her bills with a very troubled face. And David had a pretty strong conviction that Mowther, for all his large earned income, might not always be abreast of it.

But these people and things were of negative importance now. A good many potential interests, David reflected grimly, must be denied the potential murderer. The trouble was, he could not see himself as such. It was one thing to argue the beastly business out and come to a decision that seemed to leave no choice, and entirely another to visualize himself, David Fairfax Carroll Custis, as an assassin.

But, then, it was just as difficult to see himself indicted and convicted as the murderer of Tim Grogan for what that ward grafter's wallet contained. And it was equally hard to fit into the picture of suicide to escape punishment and disgrace for a crime of which he was not guilty. It was all a ghastly nightmare, from which he must presently awaken.

GOING down, David joined the others with a calm demeanor. Elaine, Alice Stallwell, and Black were drinking cocktails. Mowther and Edmee were abstemious, as also was David, from the night of his encounter with Grogan. Edmee, very lovely in black velvet against which her long, round arms and bright hair were dazzling, looked at him curiously, into his eyes, as if trying to discover what made them so large and dark.

Mowther gave David the briefest of glances, one of indifference and, as David thought, a faint contempt. He knew that Mowther had expected some sort of outburst that afternoon, and it was probable that he now felt his captive to have shaken himself into his shackles.

"I believe you've been asleep, Mr. Custis," Edmee said.

David did not deny the charge. "The greatest luxury today is to be where there's no telephone to ring."

"Not always. If mine had not rung just when it did the other day I'd have missed this."

"Thank you, in behalf of us all. What's your idea of the greatest luxury?"

"Freedom, if there was any such thing." Then to Mowther, "What's yours, Cousin Osborne?"

"I don't know." He glanced at David. "Sometimes I feel as if it would be euthanasia." Was the man mocking him? David wondered.

Black took it up. "What's the matter with youth and Elaine? Answer, *Elaine*. I say, what's your idea of the greatest luxury, Alice?"

"Modesty prevents my telling you. Ask Elaine."

"Might as well be original and tell the truth," Elaine said. "Money. Heaps of it. Vats and bins and vaults and pyramids stuffed full of it. Jewels and gold."

Mowther said softly, "Danae . . . "

The word, though he knew his classics, went into David like the first cold six inches of a rapier, though the pronunciation was not quite the same. It sounded like "Donay," the name of the client he had received his orders not to clear. Was Mowther a sort of devil? At any rate, it was beastly of him to make that sort of comparison in reference to his wife.

David was looking at Edmee when Mowther spoke, and he observed a sort of minute contraction of the girl's face, as if the remark had affected her as it had himself. Then, to David's surprise, Elaine said shortly, "Cut out the shop, Osborne. We are all here to have a good time." Evidently she had got only the sound of David's client's name.

"I was referring," Mowther said, "to the beautiful princess of Argos who was visited by Zeus in a shower of gold."

"Well, that old bird invented something," Black said, with his fat chuckle. "The jolly game still rolls."

Elaine looked cross. "If you are going to get highbrow, let's go in and eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow the ducks die."

"Did you hear the geese going over?" Mowther asked, as they moved toward

the dining room. "I thought I heard a swan trumpet, too."

"Then the swans for mine," Black said. Though pampered, he was known for a keen sportsman and a good shot. "I've never brought one down, and I'd rather miss 'em than wing 'em. An old chap at the club told me that the song of the dying swan stuff is right. He says they do. And he advised me to bring a couple of buckshot shells on the off chance."

"I can fit you out with an old-timer cannon of an eight-bore hammer gun and buckshot if you like," Mowther said.

"Rather like goin' for 'em with an Archie airplane gun, wouldn't it be? All the same, I believe I'll mobilize it. They'll be flyin' high tomorrow. Wind's rising, and a little east of north. Jolly duckin' weather. . . . "

The dinner was a marvel of eastern shore fare. Real Southern cooking by a French chef brought from town. Terrapin from the marshes, smelts with sauce tartare, one of those wonderful turkeys that feed on the edge of tidewater, with Bahama sweet potatoes, canvasback sanglante, and none too recent, wild rice, and wines that may have come from not so far away in an easterly direction. Law said nothing to Mowther, or, if so, he said it first. A case of too great familiarity breeding contempt of law, and courts of law.

David was placed at Elaine's left, Edmee between him and Mowther. Black, directly opposite, chattered steadily, but barely tasted the delicious food, and David wondered why. His own appetite, he found, was that of a murderer for his last breakfast.

But Black, as David had frequently occasion to observe when dining with the Mowthers, was invariably not only gourmet but gourmand. His personality was proof of this, and a good digestion. He was too fat, too red of face. And here tonight, for some reason hard to explain, after a day in the marsh and such a Lucullus banquet, Black no more than tasted food, while dealing sparingly with champagne and burgundy.

Like most keen and thoughtful observers, David soon began to turn in his mind possible reasons for this abstemiousness. Black, he soon decided, was very nervous. His steady, and fairly witty, patter was a blind. Of appetite he had none at all. He appeared to swallow with difficulty the little that he ate. And Black had always impressed David as anything but a nervous man.

What, then, was the matter with him? Even David in his incredibly outrageous position was far steadier. He talked banteringly with Elaine, the sort of shallow babble she most enjoyed, with a fair sprinkling of slang. He turned to speak more seriously to Edmee. And then, presently, something occurred that so astonished David as to take his mind for a moment from the rather more than risque remarks that were being made by Alice, who

EDMEE seemed to sway slightly toward him, so that her bare shoulder brushed his dinner coat. Her hand clasped David's, under the hem of the tablecloth.

affected the hard-boiled society drawl of atrocities.

His left hand was resting on his thigh. Edmee beside him had finished the course of canvasback, that she had scarcely more than tasted, finding it perhaps a shade too epicurean for a palate accustomed to less gamy food.

David had just said to her that he doubted if the killing of wild creatures for fun would outlast another generation. Mowther, overhearing the remark, observed that in his opinion it would be just the reverse, and that game would be preserved and cultivated for the recreation of destruction, as in older countries. The killing lust, he said, was as deeply implanted in the human as in the lower animals. Was this, David wondered, another *double-entendre?*

It was at this moment that Edmee seemed to sway slightly toward him, so that her bare shoulder brushed his velvet dinner coat. Her hand clasped David's, under the hem of the tablecloth. Not only did she take his hand in this surreptitious manner, but held it until, with pulse considerably quickened, David did precisely what any man of chivalry would do, turned his own and held the smaller one that seemed to find comfort and refuge in his clasp.

So here now was a fresh source of puzzled consideration for a young man who was already laboring in a bog of speculation. Was Mowther in some way conscious of his resolve to suppress him, and making mocking ambiguities? Was Black involved in an affair with Elaine and afraid that Mowther suspected it? Was Alice, whose talk bordered on downright dirt, trying to convey to the only one present apt to be shocked by it, Edmee, that this was the sort of license to be expected at the Mowther's table? And now, last of all, was Edmee, who impressed him as anything but a coquette, seeking in the clasp of David's hand, as the only clean one there, a sort of childish refuge?

David did not know, but he continued to hold her hand until presently she gave his own a slight pressure that seemed to say "thank you for your support," and withdrew it. But the passage had done something curious to David. He was conscious of a swelling of the heart and of the throat. Edmee, he thought, sensed danger of some sort in the air, but not in him. And he, David reflected, was the spring gun there. A wretched, desperate man who must soon be studying ways and means for the fatal act on which he had decided. But it was this girl's subconsciousness of a sinister peril, then reaching for his own hand, that touched him.

The dinner concluded quietly enough. As on the previous two nights, they all danced for a while, when Alice, Crowleigh Black, and the host and hostess sat down to a game of bridge that was good for at least two hours. Although they had danced together several times, neither Edmee nor David had spoken more than a few words since leaving the table. Both felt what was to be said should wait on the suitable occasion.

"Will you take me for a little walk along the shore, Mr. Custis?" Edmee asked, abruptly.

"Yes, if you put on something good and warm. It's cold and gusty, but there's a moon in spots."

"Wind, clouds, and the moon are what I need tonight."

"No, I think that would be a snug, sheltered harbor."

"Like your hand. I knew you'd understand."

They took some warm things from the cloakroom and went out. The wind was by this time roaring from the north in gusty squalls, bundling along great bales of cloud, a bright moon flashing between them as they rolled past its frosty face. The shallow waters of Pamlico Sound were churned into froth that shone snowy one moment, then took on the deep, indescribable tone of snow in the dark as the cloud shadows moved over.

THE shooting lodge was on the south end of a sandy island about a mile long by an eighth of that in width, and here the massed scrub pines and cedars made a windbreak. The nearest land was the rind of beach that shut out the ocean, a couple of miles away, and on the side of the mainland were similar islands and marshes and shallows and winding channels leading here and there. But directly to the north lay the sixty-mile stretch of Pamlico Sound, and the wind pouring down it seemed to brush the fur of the island backward, like the fur of a cat.

"A good night for witches," Edmee said as they pried themselves against the buffeting gusts around the corner of the lodge. "Jolly broomstick weather. Not cold, though."

"It will be before morning. Let's hunt a lee over there behind the dunes."

They found a sheltered spot where the sand did not blow and they could watch the lights and shadows on the whipped bay. A flock of curlew scudded over, with their sweet, strong *koor-a-leee.* The air was fragrant with a blend of brine and pine, now crisp and tonic. Really no sort of night for a murder, David thought bitterly. A night to live. A night to love.

That last would have been easy under right circumstances. He was not sure but what the process had begun. That hand slipped into his had started it, and now it seemed swept on in the rush of wind. Then Edmee brought him up with a crash, like a ship striking a reef.

What startling revelation was the young heiress about to make that would astound the generally calm attorney? Read about it in the second part of this gripping story in next week's issue.

Patriotic Murderers of JAPAN

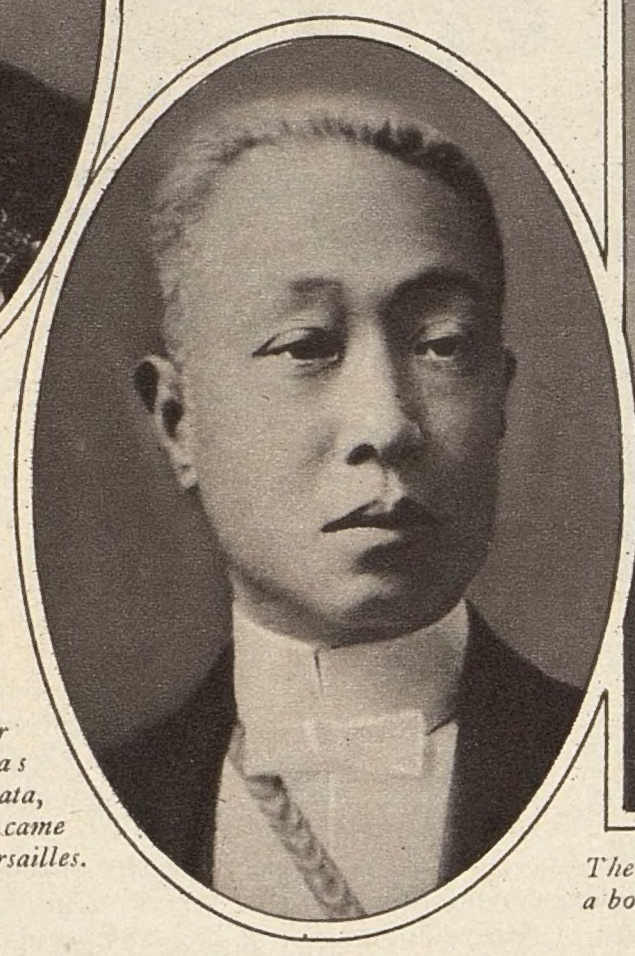
An Unusual Article on a Country Where Assassination Is a Recognized Political Weapon, Which Is Also Publicly Condoned

By R. O. MATHESON

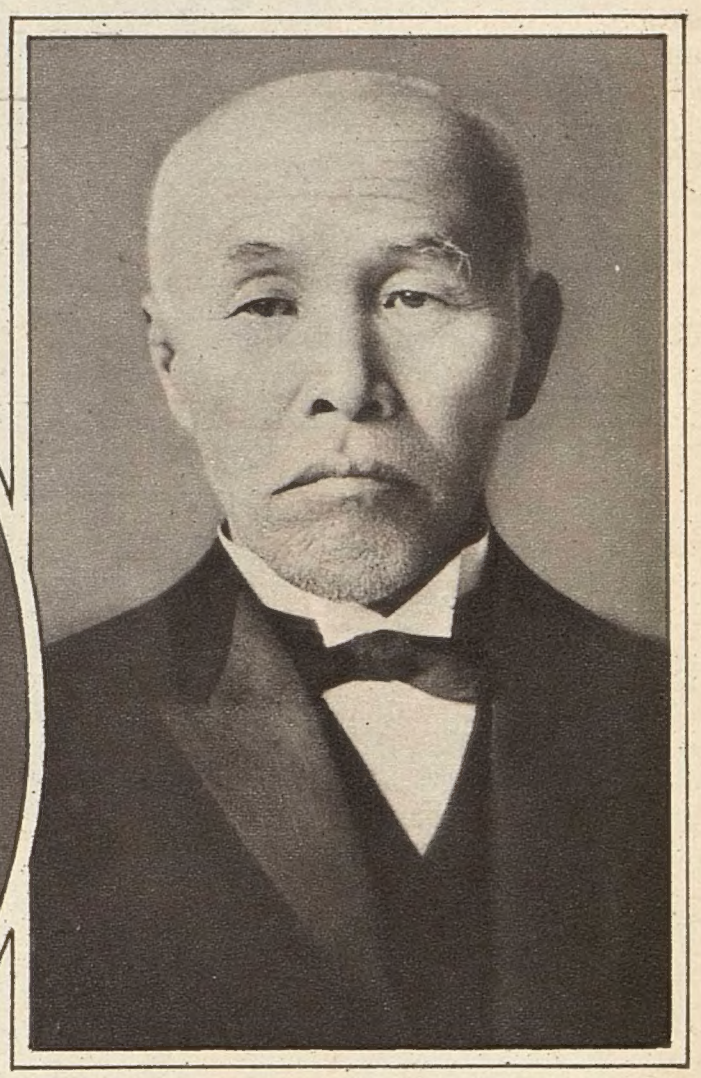
The late Premier Takashi Hara, assassinated in November, 1921.

P. & A. Photo

At the left—the late Prince Masayoshi Matsukata, said to have been marked for assassination on his return from the Versailles Peace Conference.



Prince Saionji, listed as a prospective murder victim, as was Prince Matsukata, when the two came back from Versailles.



The late Marquis Okuma, whose leg was blown off by a bomb in an attempt on his life when he was Premier.

MANY lands have quaint customs, but few indeed can rival the state of affairs in Japan which Mr. Matheson's article vividly describes. The author is stationed at Tokyo as the staff correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. He was recently asked if the prevailing crime waves in the larger American cities had any counterpart among the Japanese. He said they hadn't, but offered the following article as illustrative of the Japanese attitude toward outlawry of another sort.

RYOHEI UCHIDA, leader of a band of reactionaries known as the Black Dragon Society, and proudly styling themselves "the Fascisti of Japan," is to face early trial on the charge of having plotted the assassination of Viscount Kato, Premier of Japan. Two of his lieutenants will be with him in the dock.

The indictment returned by the preliminary court states that Uchida, in an effort to defeat the enactment of the recently passed Manhood Suffrage Act, decided to assassinate the Premier and thus to strike terror into the breasts of those others supporting the measure to extend the right of the ballot from some 3,500,000 privileged persons to some 13,000,000, including all male subjects over the age of twenty-five. Would-be assassins in the following of the Black Dragon Society, under Uchida's orders, haunted the neighborhood of the Premier's villa at Kamakura, prepared to strike with the dagger or kill with the revolver. This was during the first few days of April. The Premier unintentionally foiled the plot by hurrying back to Tokyo, and the would-be killers, who hung around Viscount Kato's Tokyo home, aroused suspicion, were arrested, and confessed.

This is the case of the prosecution. The defense, in all probability, will be that the plot to kill was born in a desire to save the empire from a calamity and to strengthen the Emperor on his throne, and, if all the precedents hold good, such defense will not only earn for the conspirators a great weight of popular sympathy but will be taken into very serious consideration by the court in determining sentence if conviction results.

Assassination continues to be a recognized political weapon in Japan and is condoned by press and public if it can be claimed with a show of reason that the motive is patriotic. There have been many recent examples to prove this. One of the first consequences of the signing of the early treaties which opened Japan to foreigners was the assassination at the gate of the Shogun's palace in Tokyo of the Regent, Kamon-no-Kami, whose head was exhibited in Kyoto, then the seat of the Emperor, with this legend: "This is the head of a traitor who has violated the most sacred law of Japan—that which forbids the admission of foreigners into the country." None was punished for this assassination. Li Hung-chang, in Japan to negotiate a peace treaty after the Chino-Japanese war, was wounded by a super-patriot at Shimonoseki. The late Czar when visiting Japan as Czarowitz, was attacked near Kyoto by another super-patriot who hoped to strike down an enemy of his Emperor.

The late Marquis Okuma, when Premier, had his leg blown off in a bomb explosion because he was thought to have sacrificed Japan's interest in the matter of extraterritoriality. The special ambassadors who signed the Portsmouth Treaty for Japan were marked for assassination on their return home, and the same was true in the case of the late Prince

Matsukata and Prince Saionji on their return from the Versailles Peace Conference.

Five years ago the head of the Yasuda family, a man over eighty years of age, who stood in Japan for what John D. Rockefeller does in the United States, was stabbed to death in his country villa by a young radical of twenty, who later committed suicide on the spot. A letter left by the youth stated that Yasuda, because of his wealth and his avarice, was a menace to the social order in Japan and deserved death. The press openly extolled the deed and heroic death of the murderer and expressed sympathy with his motives. His funeral was made a great public affair and the heirs of the murdered man were among those who subscribed heavily to meet the funeral expenses and provide a fund for the murderer's family.

A WAVE of sympathy swept the country for the youth who struck down the late Premier Hara with a dagger in November, 1921, although the assassinated statesman was personally popular and looked upon as a progressive leader. The attorneys for the defense offered no extenuation for the crime except that it was committed through a mistaken sense of patriotism. Petition after petition for mercy for the assassin poured into the court and the expected death sentence was replaced by one of life imprisonment. Already, after only three and a half years have been served, there have been many moves for commutation of sentence and eventual pardon.

Wholesale murder of socialists, radicals, and foreigners in the persons of Koreans and Chinese, in the excitement following the great earthquake of 1923, has been condoned. For a week following the disaster in the Tokyo-Yokohama region death by violence stalked openly abroad. Japanese suspected of communistic ideas were slain by police and gendarmes. Korean laborers were hunted like rats and pounded to death with clubs, often with the accompaniment of torture. Chinese, probably in mistake for Koreans, were killed.

Many arrests were made afterward and there were many convictions but no punishments. Sentences of from one to three years were passed, but in every case suspended, because it was known that these murders were committed in the insane frenzy of the moment that induced the idea that a Korean uprising was about to break out.

Li Hung-chang, the "grand old man of China," who was once wounded by a Japanese patriot.

U. & U. Photo

Viscount Taka Akira Kato, the present Premier, whose death is said to have been plotted by self-styled "Fascisti of Japan."

The late Czar of Russia, attacked many years ago while visiting Japan by a native who thought him an enemy.

The writer, who saw some of the slaughter of the Koreans and listened to some of the talk of the youths who were busy in their work of death, neither saw nor heard anything to indicate any particular race hatred in the slaughter. The men at work with their iron clubs and bamboo spears were killing in defense of their homes and families. The courts certainly took this view of the matter, and the public cordially endorsed the suspension of sentences.

A particularly heinous series of murders at this time was committed by a Captain Amakasu of the gendarmerie, who first arrested a leading socialist, his wife and his three-year-old nephew, then had each of the three strangled in their cells and their bodies thrown into an old well and covered with earthquake debris. The murders were deliberate, cold-hearted and revolting in the treachery they involved, the testimony of the accused at the trial showing that he had chatted with Osugi, the man, until his victim turned in such a way as to permit an easy death grip on his throat. He joked with the woman, after he had strangled her husband, until she, too, offered herself as an easy victim.

HERE again, because loyalty for the Emperor and love of country were offered as reasons for the triple murder, a sentence of only ten years was passed, and the public generally approved. Today, with only a little more than two years served, Amakasu is again a free man, and is referred to in the press as worthy of respect because of his martyrdom.

Thus Uchida and his two alleged accomplices, when they face their judges on the charge of plotting the death of Premier Kato, have little to fear if they only plead strenuously enough that they desired to kill in order to save Japan from a catastrophe which the extension of the suffrage will bring. The arrest of Uchida attracted wide attention only because of his position as head of the Black Dragons, in which position he was regarded as more or less immune from ordinary criminal law processes. One of his closest associates is Mitsuru Toyama, "the Robin Hood of Japan," who is consulted by the highest in the land.

It must not be supposed that Japan is a land of murderers. While assassination is a recognized thing in politics, ordinary murder is rare and ordinary murders seldom escape quick arrest and prompt punishment. There is less homicide in Japan, with her 70,000,000 people, than in the City of Chicago, and very much less unpunished murder. The ordinary man in the street is safer in Japan than in almost any other community on earth, but the man of prominence walks always in the shadow of death from the hand of some politically perverted patriot.

THE END

Get Your PLAY Produced!

Anybody Can WRITE One; But Can You Suffer in Silence While It's Being REWRITTEN? If Not, You're OUT!

SOME INSIDE DOPE BY

GEORGE M. COHAN

MR. COHAN is a recognized genius of the theatrical business. In his record there have been few failures and many successes. Nearly every American who has been graduated from a grammar school, or high school, or a university believes that he could write a play. George Cohan, in this article, tells a lot of interesting facts about the actual process of getting a play on the stage.

SEVERAL months ago the editor of Liberty said to me:

"Our readers like your stuff, it seems, so go ahead and write some more."

Of course I was tickled purple when he made this complimentary crack, but I was honest enough to say that I hadn't anything in mind, just then, really worth writing about.

"Well, when you do stumble on to something worth while, put it on paper and shoot it to me, will you?"

"Yes, sir! If there is to be any literary shooting done by yours truly, I shall certainly aim in your direction."

And with that understanding we gazed earnestly into each other's eyes, shook hands, and parted without further conversation.

"I wonder if that lad was stringing me?" I thought to myself, as I watched him move away.

"Hope that guy didn't take me seriously," I dare say the editor thought to himself, as he walked down Park Avenue.

Well, anyway, I couldn't quite make up my mind whether he'd had his tongue in his cheek or not. Nevertheless, I decided to go through with my end of the bargain, and so immediately started searching around for subject matter.

After ten or twelve weeks of floor walking, and carpet reading, during which not even the suggestion of an idea came to my mind, I finally admitted to myself that as a special story writer I was still a fairly good song and dance man, so threw up the sponge, went back to my own racket, and sat down and wrote a play for Raymond Hitchcock.

Yes, sir! I'd given up all hopes of ever again breaking into print when all of a sudden, out of the dear old blue canopy came the belated inspiration with a bang! I was reading a newspaper at the time: "POPULAR PLAYWRIGHT LECTURES ON THE DRAMA AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE."

That was the headline of the newspaper article that turned me into a magazine hound all over again. According to the newspaper reports, a young man was invited to speak "on the drama" to the dramatic class at Columbia, and so the young man spoke as follows:

"Remember, boys, make 'em produce your plays just as your plays are written. Don't stand for changes of any kind."

He was forced to pause at this point, so he picked up the ice water pitcher and gargled his throat, during prolonged cheers from the students.

"If you permit these birds to fool around with your manuscripts," he continued, "they'll not only gum the stuff all up, but the chances are that they'll cut in on your royalties besides."

Another pause, more cheers, the lecturer smiled and bowed, and more than likely murmured to himself, "What a chance!"

The class of aspiring young Pineros threw textbooks in the air, sang a college song or two, and then performed a snake dance around the classroom to show their appreciation for this sound and cheerful advice.

Now, without mentioning names (because the lecturer in question is a particular friend of mine) I'd like to go on record for saying that when he pulled this nifty on the boys he was only doing what any sensible actor should have done in the same spot—he played up to his audience—handed out the old sure-fire hokum. In other words, he was making them listen to exactly the sort of thing he figured they really wanted to hear.

Good showmanship! Smart actor! Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you that he's not a regular lecturer—he's an actor. A corking good actor, too. And not only an actor, mind you, but an actor who during the past theatrical season absolutely staggered the entire membership of the Lambs Club by performing the almost unheard of stunt of turning into a successful playwright overnight.

And listen! After doing the trick once he turned right around and took an encore. Yes, sir! Twice in the same place, and the same season, did this same young man co-author himself into the Broadway purple sash. At

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

GEORGE M. COHAN directing a rehearsal of "Popularity," one of his great successes, produced in 1906. Mr. Cohan is in the orchestra pit. The figures on the stage are Florence Rockwell and Thomas W. Ross.

this very moment he is half to blame for two of New York's reigning box office hits. And so, with all those labels plastered over his theatrical hand bag, *why shouldn't he lecture on the drama?* That is, I mean, if he really wants to lecture, which I hardly think he does.

Nine times out of ten the thing is done to satisfy the whim of a press agent. A good advertising gag—I'll admit that—but a tough job for the speaker. Not only has he a comical speech to study, but he also has to put on a clean shirt and get his shoes shined and everything.

Too much trouble. However, since the young fellow was brave enough to go through with the idea, I'm still wondering why he took for his subject, "How to Manage the Producing Manager," instead of "How to Get a Play Produced." Surely, in his heart of hearts, he must realize how little chance the average unknown, inexperienced playwright would stand if he walked into a theatrical manager's office (which in itself is an accomplishment) and began dictating terms and conditions under which his first offense should be produced.

And so, why shouldn't he be in a position to say, "You'll produce mine the way it's written?" Fine! Great! More power to him! If there's anything wrong with his play, he'll be on hand the opening night to put his finger on the spot and fix it up. Great stuff! Clever work! But what's all that got to do with the lads of the dramatic class at Columbia, or any other college, for that matter?

Here we have a group of kids just trying to break in. Who's going to fix up the dull spots in their plays? Surely the young lecturer himself isn't thinking of hopping about the country attending the various out-of-town openings and doctoring up all the crude material as fast as it's produced!

Oh, no. Take it from me, no such idea ever flashed through his mind. The only thing he was thinking of from the moment he stepped on the lecture platform was "a knockout" finish for his speech. And so he pulled *"Make 'em produce 'em the way you write 'em,"* and when the ordeal was over he probably thought to himself, "Well, I've made those guys feel good, anyway. *I've certainly boosted the sale of high hats.* They wanted gravy, so I poured it all over the dish."

And as he stood there chuckling to himself, and taking his final bow, Professor Higginsomething stepped to the platform, pinned the college colors on the lapel of his coat, presented him with an autographed copy of his own (Professor Higginsomething's) book on the drama, and softly murmured, as he gently shook his hand, "My dear sir. Permit me to say that it was the most splendid discourse on the drama it has ever been my pleasure to hear."

"So glad you understood it," answered the young actor-author-lecturer, and without further remarks mopped his brow with a Christmas silk handkerchief (first time out of the box), buttoned up his Prince Albert (a character coat just out of the old wardrobe trunk), made another stab for the ice water pitcher on the lecture table, gargled his throat once more, reached for his silk hat (borrowed from Eddie Leonard) shoved his gold-headed cane under his left arm, and walked right out of the building, escorted by the entire dramatic class all the way to the iron gate, where the press agent sat in a taxi waiting to drive him back to the theater dressing room, where he could wash up and get rid of the funny clothes.

"GOOD-BY, boys, and God bless you all," he shouted to the students as he stepped on the running board.

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hokum! Hokum! Rah! Rah! Rah"

yelled the students, as the taxi rolled away, leaving them all flat on the campus. The press agent had the smelling salts ready and it was only quick thinking on his part that prevented the young lecturer from fainting in his arms.

Well, it was a good afternoon's work anyway—a corking good "special," too. But I still don't like that one crack, "Make 'em produce 'em the way you write 'em." To my mind the real line would have been, *"Get your play produced,"* never mind how it's produced, or who produces it, *get it produced* if you possibly can."

Of course, you can take this for what it's worth, but at least you must take it from a lad who sat at a play reading desk for twenty-odd years and managed to battle his way through probably fifteen thousand play manuscripts during that time.

And how many of these plays do you suppose were what might be called *playable as they stood?*

One, only one! That's "on the square." And, even in that one instance, the author (who happened to be a corking good play doctor) had to slip on the old white apron, lay the patient on the operating table, and set a few broken bones after the initial performance.

Yes, sir! GET YOUR PLAY PRODUCED. Don't stand on ceremony. Throw your manuscript on the manager's desk and say, "There it is, do as you like with it. If you think it needs to be half soled and heeled, hand it over to the shoemaker. I don't care what you do, but for the love of Heaven, put it in rehearsal."

Listen, boys! You'll learn more about playwriting during four weeks of rehearsals than you could gather in a lifetime anywhere else. That's the real dope. Stick around and see how the thing's done. Watch the tricks. Keep your eyes open and your ears cocked. Study showmanship. THAT'S THE THING THAT MAKES THE PLAY—SHOWMANSHIP—theater stuff *—and the only place to learn it is right there in the old theater itself.*

Ninety per cent of the success of any popu-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN]

Only Half-Living?

Thousands have found fresh energy, new vitality, health and success through one simple fresh food

"I HAD SUCH SEVERE INDIGESTION that I could eat almost nothing—often could not sleep at night at all. I had tried every sort of remedy without real relief. I had heard of the marvelous benefits from eating Fleischmann's Yeast, and I decided to find out for myself what it could do. I used it for two months. Today my digestion is absolutely normal; my appetite has returned—in a word, my health is perfect again. I owe all this to Fleischmann's Yeast, and I cannot praise it enough."

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NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkably fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-21, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

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THE REV. DUNCAN P. CAMERON, Detroit, Minn.

"AS A YOUNG MOTHER, having given birth to eight children within nine years, complications setting in and my nerves badly shattered, I was fast losing my vitality. I tried eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon developed a fondness for it, and my health started to improve wonderfully. Within eight months I felt as if I could do the work of a longshoreman. It certainly did restore energy to my wasted body. For clearing the complexion there is nothing like it. And it has proved a life-saver to my husband for boils."

MRS. FLORENCE MURRAY, New York

"TWO YEARS AGO I found myself very unfit physically. I was fagged and nervous, fearful of chronic ill-health. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. Amazing! It has entirely eliminated that weak, fagged condition; made me feel and *look* wonderfully fit. I am now adding Yeast to the diet of my small son. He was so undernourished looking, and ordinary tonics did him no good He is responding beautifully—his skin and eyes are clear, appetite fine, and he is fast losing his emaciated appearance."

MRS. VIRGIL HART, Cross Plains, Texas

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

lar play is due to showmanship. That's a pretty bold statement to make, but understand I'm speaking of popular plays with general appeal, not literary discussions in play form with a "short public," which are produced by subscription, for the pure love of art—which I imagine has something to do with the *arteries.*

Big popular money-making successes, such as Stop Thief, The Tavern, Three Faces East, The Tailor-Made Man, The House of Glass, The Meanest Man in the World, The Royal Vagabond, So This Is London! and dozens of others would probably never have seen the light of day if the authors hadn't stood for murder.

It isn't all in the writing, boys. You can't very well put showmanship into the manuscript until you know what showmanship really means.

HERE are a few things you will learn if you stick around rehearsals:

How to fill up holes (dull spots). How to cover up inconsistencies (trick stuff). How to make a scene seem moving spot without appearing to put on speed. How to make a scene seem restful and quiet without losing tempo or key (different scenes are pitched in different keys). How to make an unimportant spot sound as though the very plot itself hinged on to the lines being spoken.

How to eliminate deadwood and shoot the story straight away. How the transposition of a couple of scenes might create an added value to the whole play. How to cut this line, and add a few words to that line, in case the thing is vague. How to create more conflict between the opposing characters of the play by keeping them apart as much as possible, until the big scenes and important situations come along.

Where a *laugh line* will help. Where a *laugh line* will kill an entire scene. How to get rid of repetitions. How to loosen up certain spots of dialogue, and tighten up on other spots. How to reconstruct a scene, and play it from an entirely different angle, without losing any dramatic value, or destroying the illusion. How to *sprinkle* the plot. It must be *sprinkled,* you know, and very skillfully, too.

The actual story of any play can be set down in fifty words—the rest is small talk. Don't forget that when you start *sprinkling* your story fluid. Still, remember this—you must bilk your audience into believing that every word spoken has an important bearing on what the thing is all about, and how to switch first act material over into second act stuff. Of course, you thin out your first act in doing this, but then you must patch and build up the spot you took the stuff away from every time you "rob the cradle," as it is called.

How to juggle a scene, and keep the ball in the air, so to speak, without wasting subject matter and still keep it interesting.

How to rewrite a page of manuscript without losing a word and yet create a suspense that was lacking before the revision was made.

Let George Tell 'Em

HAVING described the proper procedure in having a play put on the boards, Mr. Cohan has gone a little further in giving some homely and practical advice—in verse—on how to write a play. This Mr. Cohan did at a benefit of the Theatrical Press Representatives of America in Liberty Theater, in New York City.

Always versatile, the irrepressible Mr. Cohan in his song entitled *Teaching 'Em How,* covers the entire theatrical field, including song writing, playwriting, and dancing. Here is Mr. Cohan's versified playwriting advice:

You get a pencil and a pad,
Mark down each thought you ever had,
And when you've got them all
You mix the lot
Into a story with dramatic plot.

Then take some characters you know
And simply write them in the show.
And make them weep and wail
And tell the tale
Of the drama.
Be sure your hero you defend,
Be sure you write a happy end,
Then to the manager you go at last,
And he'll immediately engage the cast.

Then for the opening night you wait,
And if the critics say it's great
Then you're a king for a day,
Hip hooray—
You've got a popular play.

(Copyright by George M. Cohan. All Rights Reserved. Printed by Permission.)

How to trick the interest into carrying over to the following act, without resorting to counterplot.

How to build up what is called a *variety of entertainment,* without permitting the public to recognize the fact that you're out to please the gallery boys, just as much as you are the *three dollar* ladies and gentlemen.

How to cut out a whole gob of words and convey it all with a bit of effective stage business. Action speaks louder than words, even in plays, remember that.

How to get rid of false notes and keep the story in tune. A play, after all, is much like a musical composition—all short passages leading up to a big climax.

Oh, well! What's the use. It would take a hundred thousand words to give you even a fair idea of how a play manuscript is fooled around with before it's put into playable shape.

All these things come under the head of showmanship and no one is ever going to be a successful writer of popular plays without that knowledge of the craft.

And listen! Don't let any wisecracking lad tell you that the things I've pointed out are mere details of production. which are absolutely up to the stage director—whoever he may be.

No, sir! That stage director stuff is a joke. A stage director is engaged to put on the material in hand—and the material in hand means the manuscript as he gets it.

Of course there are one or two present-day stage directors who swing nasty blue pencils and cut and slash and rewrite all during rehearsals, but very few producing managers will permit that sort of thing—it's not the right way to work on a "script." The whole job should be done and the script rewritten or revamped, as the case may be, before rehearsals are ever called—*and, believe me, it's work for a specialist.* It's heroic treatment, that's what it is, and means life or death to the play.

Get into rehearsals. That's the real place to learn the trade. Get a real sense of the theater. Grab the bag of tricks. Find out what it's all about, and how much there is to learn, before you walk into any manager's office and crack:

"You'll produce mine the way it's written."

OF course, after you've reached the stage where you're conceded to be a good showman, you'll probably say to yourself, "I wish I knew a little more about it."

That's the way I feel about the racket after a lifetime of careful watching and study.

"*Get your play produced, kid.*" That should be the real slogan and I'll bet four dollars the young lecturer who shot me back into the magazine world will give you the same sensible advice, if you happen to catch him some time when he isn't all dressed up in his stump speech regalia.

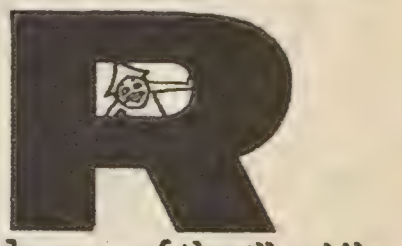
I suppose he'll whack me over the head with his gold-headed cane for this, but I don't care. I still say, "GET YOUR PLAY PRODUCED."

That's my story, and this is my way of finding out whether the editor was stringing me or not when he said:

"Put it on paper and shoot it to me."

THE END

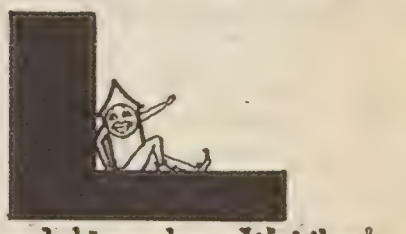
Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.



Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

Good gum is good for you - doctors and dentists affirm this.



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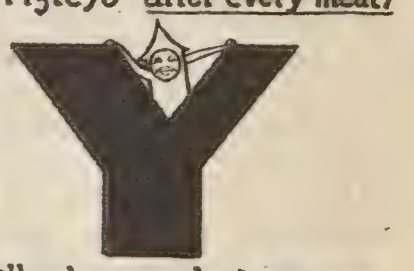
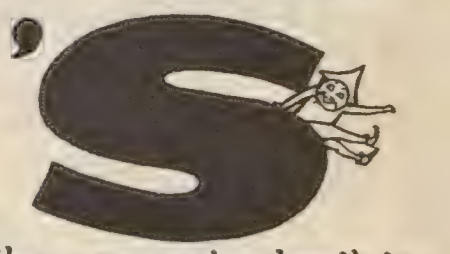


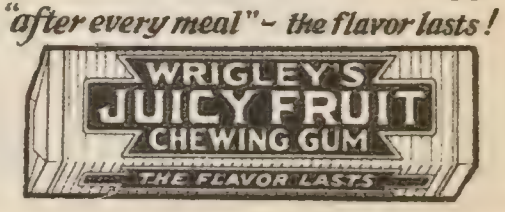
You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.



Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's.

F 39

"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!



Do Women Notice
Men's Clothes?

Certainly, Says a Famous Beauty, and Here's Bad News—the Well-Dressed Male, She Thinks, Is Mighty Scarce

By JULIA HOYT

Picture by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

DO WOMEN notice the way men dress, and is it to them a question of importance? My answer is unquestionably yes. Undoubtedly, a woman desires to feel pride in the appearance of the man in whose company she is, just as much as the man enjoys the sensation of pride in his woman companion. There are certain points in a man's mode of dressing which even are indications of character. So are they in a woman to a lesser degree, but for once I am not discussing women.

Introduce me to a man with a large diamond ring or flashy scarfpin and I must acknowledge that he will have to be quite an extraordinary individual to overcome the prejudice created by this adornment and the opinion formed in my mind of the type of man he must be. I do not mention the awful custom of wearing a ring to hold the necktie because one so rarely sees it today.

Perhaps the reason which leads some persons to think that women do not notice men's clothes or that people in general are not particularly conscious of them is the fact that we hear and read much more about women's clothes, advice to the woman how to be considered smart in her mode of dressing, than we do about men. As a matter of fact, while men do not buy clothes as often as women (they are lucky in that they do not have to), they really give the question just as much thought and attention as do women. Many of them would not acknowledge this, but it is true just the same.

The well-worn claim by men that women are much more vain than they can be easily contradicted by watching men getting into an elevator in which there is a mirror when generally they give an adjusting touch to their necktie or a smoothing pat to their hair. One can even see men on the street looking at themselves as they pass a mirror or at their reflection in a window.

One has only to watch the average man buying a hat or shirts and collars to be convinced that though they try to camouflage it to the feminine sex, nevertheless the fact remains that the choice is a most important one to them. Don't misunderstand me and gain the impression that I think them wrong in this; on the contrary, I think they are quite right. The way a man dresses is equally as important as the way a woman does.

The fact, however, that comparatively few men dress well and how important clothes are to their appearance was proved during the war. Many who attained the rank of officers during the war went to a military tailor where they bought a well-cut uniform which permitted of no bad taste and sloppiness, and astonished their families and friends by their appearance.

Giving the subject superficial thought one would say that, owing to the similarity of men's clothes, the small chance they have for indulging in love of color or use of imagination would make the possibility of men committing errors in dress considerably smaller than for a woman. A man in a strange, loud-colored suit is conspicuous even on a crowded street, whereas a woman has to be either extraordinarily badly or extraordinarily well dressed to be noticed at all.

Muray Photo: Manuel Transformation.

JULIA HOYT, stage celebrity and widely famed beauty, who discusses herewith what men should wear —and mostly don't!

There are many details in the way a man dresses which all women notice. First, his jewelry; second, his neckties and the way he ties them; third, his collars; and, fourth, his shoes. Then trail along others, such as his hat and the way he wears it; second, his cane (if he carries one) and the way he uses it; third, his accessories—handkerchiefs, gloves, etc. Almost needless to say, his suit is important, but it is much more rare to see a man go seriously wrong in his suit than in the details which make up his costume.

Once in a while one will see a man dressed in some curious color. I saw one recently wearing a suit which was almost pale mauve. Sometimes one sees a man in a loud check that vies with the cross-word puzzle, but not often. More often we see a suit cut in some outlandish way; very tight at the waist, or with a belt across the back under the shoulder blades. But the standardization of cut and color has been pretty well established and it is a small minority whose suits are obviously wrong.

There are, I should say, five types of men when one discusses clothes. There are the comparatively small number of men who are really well dressed in the true sense of the word. There are the men who are too well dressed because one is all the time conscious of their clothes. There are the men who are atrociously dressed, give much attention to their clothes and believe themselves to be well dressed. There are the men who do not wear particularly conspicuous things but are just rather sloppy in appearance and do not care, and there are the men who are neat but neither well nor badly dressed.

The man who is truly well dressed never

There are many details in the way a man dresses which all women notice. First, his jewelry; second, his neckties and the way he ties them; third, his collars; and, fourth, his shoes.

appears too carefully or overdressed. He has that faculty (those men and women are lucky who possess it) of always seeming to be at home in his clothes. They seem to be a part of him. Needless to say, such men must give their appearance a certain amount of attention but they don't give out that impression. They seem to have by chance stepped into and always have stepped into just the right thing. It is difficult to put into words exactly the difference between these men and those that are too well dressed.

There is a certain man who exactly typifies what I mean. He is not loudly dressed, he wears nothing that is in bad taste, but one longs to see him just once with his collar not exactly as it always is, or his shoes or, in fact, everything. One feels quite sure he would somehow look impossible if everything about his costume were not meticulous and correct and, of course, the man who can wear clothes and is confident of his knowledge about clothes need not fear being at times seen in comfortable rags. In the country, for instance, one never sees this man except in the neatest, most carefully cared for sports clothes which, in my opinion, is not only ridiculous and a confession of weakness, but in bad taste.

I do not mean to imply that well cut, correct sports clothes are always in bad taste, but when a man is at home, wandering around his place, tramping through the woods, perhaps, and all the things one does on a nice off-day at home in the country, anything but old worn clothes is absurd. Englishmen have the ability to look well dressed in the oldest country clothes and never overdressed in the best and most correct. In addition, their clothes never seem to look too new.

A man should never appear self-conscious about his clothes. Let him decide what to wear on a certain occasion and then, irrespective of what he has on, appear outwardly comfortable, though inwardly he may decide to dress differently the next time.

I REMEMBER in Paris last year a certain man (quite young, I must admit) to whom correct dress was terribly important but a rather new idea. He was anything but sure of himself. He was going to the races and was determined to wear just the right thing. He fussed about it, asked everyone questions, and, finally, appeared beautifully rigged up in gray striped trousers, cutaway, top hat, cane, and almost certain he was beyond criticism.

I will never forget his face when a man of the party, who dresses beautifully but didn't happen to care that day to put on all the formal racing paraphernalia, arrived in a sack suit and soft hat. The young man was shocked beyond expression. What he didn't realize was that the older man was so accustomed to wearing any clothes, formal or informal, so sure of himself, that he could choose to appear at the races informally dressed (but well dressed) and not worry as to whether or not he was exactly like all the other men at the meet.

I must stress again the fact that jewelry is a very important point of good taste in men's garb. Men should never wear much jewelry and it should not be ostentatious. A diamond ring or scarfpin, for instance, is extremely bad form. Over-large pearl studs or flashy vest buttons are also in bad taste.

Having been requested to write this article and knowing that I am not an authority on men's clothes, but only know what I like and what I have observed about acknowledgedly well-dressed men, I asked one of these to give me some pointers. Some of these pointers are definite don'ts, some are quite indefinite and almost impossible to put into words.

In connection with hats, he said, naturally, that very bright colors or strange materials are quite incorrect. Which reminds me of a man I saw walking proudly up Fifth Avenue. He was clad in a bright, very bright blue suit, an equally bright blue shirt, a striped tie of at least three brilliant colors, and a definitely purple Fedora hat. It was a marvelous sight.

Continuing about hats, the well-dressed man struck one of his vague moments and tried to explain the fine points of how the hat should be placed on the head. As far as I can remember, he said it should not be on the back of the head nor yet too far forward; it should not be put on absolutely straight nor yet tilted too much on one side. I leave it to my readers to decide

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

just how the hat should be worn. I know many men set much store by the angle at which they place their hats. It is an education to watch John Barrymore put on his hat, for instance.

My adviser informed me it is all wrong ever to wear a soft white collar with a colored shirt. If the collar is soft it should match the shirt or else be stiff. A little observation of my own I feel impelled to put in here. If wearing a distinctly colored shirt, vary the color every day or so. Last year a certain man crossed the ocean on my steamer and every day he wore a shirt of identically the same shade of blue. Try as I would, I could not keep out of my mind the rather disquieting question: Has he nothing but blue shirts or has he only the one?

I personally love colored shirts if they are not too bright—and on certain persons. If I were asked to define exactly the type that should and the type that shouldn't wear them, I would be decidedly up a tree. I only know that there are some men on whom colored shirts look somehow out of place and others on whom they seem just the right thing.

I was glad my friend concurred in my opinion that the really well-dressed man leans more toward conservatism than the other way. He avoids exaggeratedly new and unusual cuts in his suits or some new type of hat that is also exaggerated and which the hatter tries desperately to convince buyers is the latest and smartest thing.

The choice of the necktie, as I have already said, is important, but all my adviser could tell me on this subject was again to "be conservative in color and stripe or pattern." Also, that the knot should be small.

He advocates, as I do, the wearing of a belt rather than suspenders. Perhaps my feeling on the subject is a little strong (we all have our idiosyncrasies), but it always seems to me that a man without a belt gives rather the appearance of a collar without a necktie. Somehow the belt seems much more appropriate in a man's dress and is unquestionably smarter.

HE also suggested that men should not carry a cane merely on certain occasions, as in the evening. He maintains that a cane cannot be handled with comfort to the owner or his companions, or in a way to make it an addition to his appearance, unless he is in the habit of carrying one most of the time.

In America there are many men who never carry a cane during the day, but always appear with one in the evening, even when going to the theater. In England they have a different system and the idea back of it seems logical. Almost without exception, Englishmen are never separated from their canes during the day, but many of them during the months they have to wear an overcoat leave their canes at home when going to the theater, their reason for this being that an overcoat and a hat are plenty to put under their chair without adding a cane for others to trip over.

Sports clothes are rather a test of a man's knowledge of clothes. It is quite natural that Englishmen in general should dress better for sport than Americans. The general run of Englishmen have been taking part in sports much longer than the average American. Golf stockings and suits, too, are a pitfall and nothing in the world can look much funnier than very loud golf stockings. They are rather trying at best and when they are made in loud checks and patterns, legs take on a strange appearance.

There are some men whose only claim to attention is their ability to dress well. There are others who, though they do dress well, one knows it is merely instinct, habit, or chance, and they have many other claims to distinction. There are those who dress badly and, to use a vernacular, can't get away with it, and there are those who dress badly and it is quite unimportant as compared to the other things they have to offer.

I know and have known many persons who lend such an exaggerated importance to dress that they are self-conscious and even ashamed at being seen with someone conspicuously badly dressed, irrespective of how interesting and genuinely important that person may be. I do not mean important in the sense of being publicly known, but important mentally to the individuals who know him.

I will never forget staying with some rather important English people for what is probably the most formal, dressiest race meet anywhere in the world — Ascot. Among the guests was a man from America, although not an American. I had never seen him dressed any way but in a dark sack suit, flowing tie, and a rather strange black slouch hat, and sure enough that was the costume in which he went to the races. Also among the guests was an American who was shocked beyond expression when he saw the other, but he was the only person so affected.

THE host and hostess, who, as they are intelligent people, naturally put more value on the personalities of their guests than their clothes, did not even think of the question, but the American, being very young (as he was so serious about it) took it upon himself to remonstrate with the man and ask him how he dared go to Ascot dressed in such apparel. The man very pleasantly answered that he had in his entire life never dressed any other way and would not change now, and that his host and hostess knew this idiosyncrasy before inviting him.

All of which was quite true. It is also true that it would be impolite to a host or hostess for the average guest not to take the trouble of dressing correctly for certain occasions. For instance, there are certain dinners where it is an absolute incivility for a man to wear a dinner coat and not full dress.

However, there are men who are much too important for their manner of dressing to count and it is the misfortune of those who do not recognize this fact and are unintelligent enough to be influenced by such men's appearance.

A man or woman must have something of real value to offer in order to adopt a distinctly individual type of dress, otherwise it is merely an affectation and is absurd. But if they have such qualities then, though their friends may have moments of wishing them differently dressed, those moments are few, for the question becomes quite unimportant.

However, such characters are few and I do believe that men, equally with women, should give attention to the way they dress, both as to correctness for the occasion and general style.

It is really much easier for men of moderate means to be well dressed than for women. Men's fashions change very little, the materials of which their clothes are made are much more durable and, consequently, if they will take the trouble to buy a suit that is reasonably well made and of good material, and will not buy advertised novelties or new fads, but stick to the established and reasonably conservative accessories, they can always present a good appearance.

THE END

Loon River Anthology

By HERBERT J. MANGHAM

LUTIE GREEN

Here I lie,
My maidenly beauty marred
By a bashed-in skull.
I only replied to a simple question
With a simple answer!
When I requested the grocer to cash a check
He asked how large it was.
I held my hands six inches apart
And replied,
"About so long."
I forget what he had in his hand,
But it was heavy.

BILLIE JUNE SAUNDERS

Before I married
I was a telephone operator. . . .
My husband, Nate Saunders,
Snooped around
Until he unearthed two
Of his predecessors,
Both alive and undivorced.
You might know
I would get the wrong number!

TOM BALLESTER

If the jury had been composed
Of men only,
I would have been acquitted. . . .
When I returned home
From an afternoon of tennis,
Topped off by a good swim,
My little helpmeet served me
A "tasty" meal
Of poached eggs and lettuce salad.
I strangled her.

AMARYLLIS POPPLETHWAITE

I died of a broken heart.
Nobody ever appreciated me.
When I returned from the conservatory
With my diploma and teacher's certificate
I gave a concert in the Opera House.
Right in the middle of the A-flat Ballade
I looked into the sea
Of vacuous faces,
And I rushed backstage,
Seized a fire hose,
And drenched the whole audience.
"There!" I shrieked.
"Perhaps you'll understand that!"
But they didn't.

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$180 FIRST WEEK

It gives me pleasure to recommend the position of selling Fyr-Fyters—I made $180 my first week and am able to average over $100 per week. Could do more only I do not put in much over half time. I think it is the easiest sold article I ever saw, as it is of merit and it is a necessity.

L. R. GRAHAM, Illinois.

$4,507 IN 217 DAYS

MR. L. D. PAYNE of Iowa writes: "I have earned $4,507 in 217 days. I made $159.00 in my first three days—have had any number of $50 and $60 days." Mr. Payne like hundreds of Fyr-Fyter Representatives is making big money. With our cooperation any man who is willing to work should be able to make big money.

$352 MONTHLY

I have been a member of the Fyr-Fyter Organization for about five months. I never had any previous experience in selling Fire Extinguishers. My record while connected with this organization is as follows: Average profit per day, $16.00, per week $88.00, per month $352.00.

A. H. ROBEY, W. Va.

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Men of Ambition, Willing to Work for $5,000 to $10,000 a Year

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Stores

Auto Owners

Trucks

Lumber Yards

Hospitals

Farms

Garages

Are you making as much as $5,000 a year now? Are you grinding away hopelessly at some job without a future? Are you wishing for a better home, a new auto, more comforts for the family than you can now afford? If that is the way you feel about it, then

I Am Looking for You

Study those letters at the top. They are samples of hundreds of similar letters from men like yourself, who bless the day they joined my organization. Many of them are making more money in a week than they formerly made in a month.

Why This Is Possible

Everybody who owns anything that can burn, is a prospect. The American people are being aroused by the terrible average fire loss of 17,000 lives and $500,000,000 of property annually. This has created a tremendous demand for our product. We are meeting this demand thru hundreds of direct factory representatives whom we have trained and helped. And records such as those made by the four men above are quite common in our organization. The views herewith suggest some idea of the tremendous sales field that is waiting for you.

A Big Future for You

In spite of the fact that we are one of the largest concerns in the world making fire extinguishers of the hand type, and are doing business amounting to millions of dollars annually, **the surface has scarcely been scratched!** There is literally no limit to the field. We can therefore offer good positions to men who are ambitious and willing to work according to our carefully prepared plans and directions. Promotions to distributorships await those who prove their ability. Your earnings start at once, even while you are learning.

How We Help You

Besides supplying you with the best possible products, approved by highest authorities, including (Fire) Underwriters Laboratories, we give you careful training, a complete sales plan that any intelligent man can follow, and all the advice and help you need; we also advertise in the big National weekly and monthly magazines and receive a tremendous mail from people who want to buy Fyr-Fyters. All letters of this kind coming from your territory are forwarded to you. We ship promptly, answer your letters immediately and pay your commissions regularly every 10 days.

How You Can Start

Write us today for inside facts on this new business. We furnish everything complete—88 page sales manual, photograph album of fire scenes, advertising matter, order books, standard size samples—a complete outfit. You merely show our products, book the orders, and mail to our factory. We make deliveries and collections and pay you your commissions **every 10 days.** No capital necessary for stock investment.

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President

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The TANK and the DOCTOR

A Joyous Tale of a Wet Night in the Argonne, and a Medico Who Wanted to Get Warm

By Leonard H. Nason

Pictures by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

"LISTEN, you're a corporal from now on. Go get me a hack saw. Find an M. O. R. truck and get me a hack saw."

THE STEADY pelting rain of autumn in northern France fell unceasingly. A cold, biting wind drove the water horizontally, forcing it through the thickest cloth, down the necks, and up under the bottoms of slickers, into the ears and eyes and nose of every poor soldier that was above ground. There were many of them abroad that night, for the battle of the Argonne was yet young and the American army had made slight progress in proportion to its casualties.

On the eastern edge of the forest, toward the hills that line the Meuse, was a narrow road that connected two larger roads. The narrow road ran from east to west and was lined with banks of earth that served instead of fences.

In the shelter of these banks was a battalion of infantry. The doughboys had fought all day long, and half the previous night, yet were still at the starting point. Before them the ground rose sharply to a plateau, on top of which was a shattered town.

It had been the purpose of this battalion to capture the town, but this had been too difficult as yet. The previous night and day had been spent in fruitless attacks on the slope and plateau, and when the second night had found the battalion—all that was left of it—still on the hillside, the senior officer had decided to fall back to the shelter of the road to reorganize.

The battalion commander sat with his back against the earth bank. He had been the junior captain when the thing started, but he was ranking officer now. He had four lieutenants left and one medical officer.

"Well, staff," said the battalion commander, "how long do you think it would have to rain to fill up these banks here and make a canal out of this road?"

"It won't need to make a canal for me," answered the staff, "because I am drowned now, or very nearly so."

The staff groaned. The staff consisted only of the medical officer aforesaid. He was large and fat and wore a patent slicker that had melted away into pulp. The staff was wet to his very bones, in spite of his ample upholstery.

"It draws on to two o'clock," remarked the battalion commander, "and no sign of those damned tanks we're waiting for."

"They'll be up," said the medical officer; "don't worry. It won't be daybreak for some time yet, and we aren't going to do anything until then, are we?"

"No," replied the captain, "just sit here and think our thoughts. I could be court-martialed for mine. When I think of the soft cushy job I could have had in Washington! And, mind you, I pulled some wires to get sent to the front!"

"And me," said the doctor. "I was overweight. I told 'em so, but they sent me to the front just the same." He groaned. "Well, if we aren't doing anything till daybreak," resumed the doctor, "I was thinking I might slide down the road and see if there wasn't a farm or something down there."

"You stay right here," said the captain. "I need you. What do you mean 'farm'? There hasn't been a house in this country for four years."

"No, but listen," pleaded the doctor, "this patent impermeable water-tight slicker of mine is about as much use as the seventh veil. I tell you I'm wet. Also, I'm cold. What good am I doing here? We haven't had a casualty for hours. And I might be under a roof somewhere, or at least in some old boche dugout. Look, I'll go now, and if I find a place we can share it, can't we?"

"Nix," said the captain, "we stay here. You're no wetter than I am. Nor any colder, either."

"I am, too," said the other. "I've got more area than you have to be wet with."

A SHELL whined into the next field and landed with a sullen plop. The mud was too deep there to explode the shell. Some more shrieked after the first, the moan and rush of their coming ending in sudden silence. Some German battery was shelling the road on which the battalion rested and these shells were "overs." The few men who had been able to doze in spite of their wet and cold now awoke. If the shells started to fall on the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

September 7th

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

road it would be well to be awake and ready to go.

The rain swished by, rattling on helmet and rifle, pelting on sodden slicker and overcoat, and hissing into the pools of water in the road. Except for the hooting of the shells, and the tapping of the rain, and the moan of the wind through the woods on the hill above, there was no sound. A man might think he was alone in a wilderness, yet within the space of a few square miles were upward of a million men, and most of them awake.

The doctor groaned and got stiffly to his feet.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "I'll get rheumatism out of this for sure. Every muscle is lame and sore."

"Don't go away!" said the captain.

"I'm not going away, I'm just standing up to let the water run out of my clothes. That slicker effect of mine retains all the moisture that runs down my neck. I thought I was sitting in a bathtub. Man, isn't it cold for October! My feet and hands are numb!" The doctor began to stamp up and down, blowing on his fingers and groaning at the stiffness of his limbs.

"Stop that stamping," said the captain sternly. "Listen! What's that racket?"

The doctor halted. Down the road he could hear men muttering, and excited exclamations. A shell that was not a dud slammed into the field and exploded like a thunderclap.

"I hope no one's hit," said the doctor to himself. "I couldn't put a tourniquet on a cat tonight."

THE doctor listened. There *was* a strange sound, a steady, grinding whir. What could it be? Machine guns didn't make that kind of a racket. The doctor began to wonder if there were any better shelter available than the earth banks. When a man at the front heard a new sound he looked about him for a hole, lest the new sound be some unknown type of projectile. The sound was plainer now, a grind, grind, grind, like a big truck going up a hill in low speed. Grrr-rrr-rrr! Clang! The grinding slowed, the noise increased, then the grinding began again. Down the road the men began to shout.

"Look out for them shells, guy!"

"Careful in that field, they're shellin' hell out of it!"

The doctor forgot his cold for a moment in his mystification. He turned as someone splashed along the road to his side.

"What's all this?" asked the doctor, as the other man approached.

"It's the tanks," said the other, and the doctor recognized the captain's voice. "It's about time they got here."

Along the road there was a rustle as men got to their feet. The grinding from the field became louder, and, grunting like an elephant, a huge black shape crunched the mud wall under its feet and appeared out of the blackness in the center of the road, where the grinding stopped and gave place to the regular thumping of a motor.

"Hello, there," called the captain, "where's the rest of your gang?"

The tank, like a gigantic armored knight against the flare-lit sky, remained speechless. The captain rapped upon its visored face with his cane.

Clang! The little door in front flew open.

"What the hell outfit is this?" asked a voice from the tank's interior.

"The Second Battalion, Three Hundred and Steenth," replied the captain.

"Thank God!" said the tank. "I've been hunting you all over France."

"Well, well, I'm in command here," said the captain. "You're going to help us iron out these machine guns on the hill. I asked for you at two o'clock. It's about time you got here, thirteen hours! Well, they said five were on the way; where are they?"

From the interior of the tank came the suspicion of a ghastly laugh. "There was five of us started out, sir, but we got kinda sepa-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

"Hello, there," called the captain, "where's your gang?" The tank, like a gigantic armored knight against the flare-lit sky, remained speechless.

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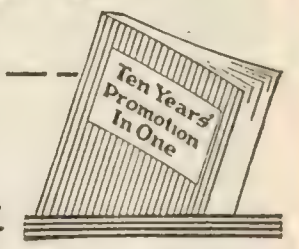

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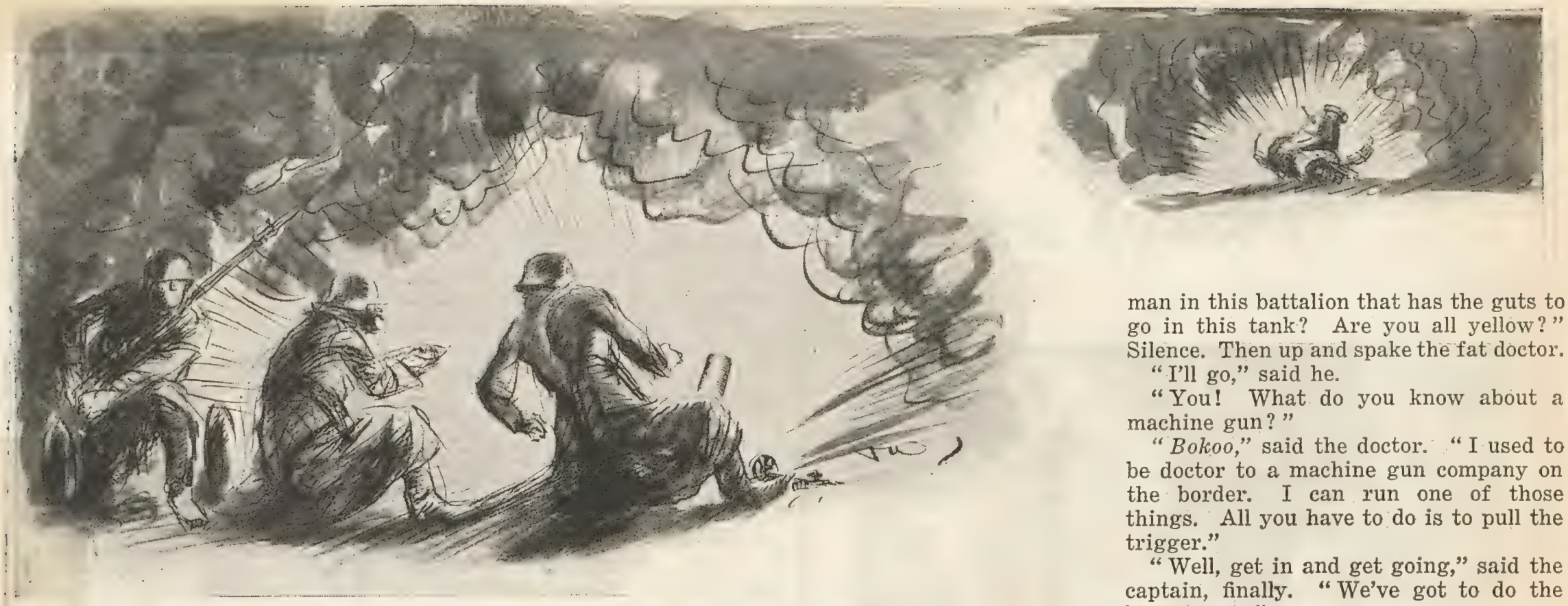

The doctor could see now the tiny toylike cannon in the center of these Germans. They leaped aside. There was a flash as the mortar was fired.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

rated," said the tank's driver, crawling out of his machine.

"You mean that you're all alone here?" cried the captain.

"Yes, sir."

"How does that happen? What good do you think one tank will be to a battalion? Come, what's the alibi? Lost the road, I suppose?"

"No, sir. We never found no road. The major comes up to us and tells the lieutenant to take five tanks and find a battalion of infantry and help 'em iron out some guns. 'Can you give me some idea of the location?' says the lieutenant. 'No,' says the major, 'they're up on the road between Cierges and Exermont. Go find 'em,' he says. Well, we got too far up on the road and three run outta gas and one got mired in a brook, and here I am. There's one left and that's me."

"What do you mean, too far up on the road? Huh!" remarked the captain. "Kind of cold in those tanks, isn't it? There's a draft on the feet through those shutters, huh? Gets a little cold around the toesies?" He gave a sound of unspeakable disgust. "Out of gas! I'd give 'em some if I had 'em here! Well, you aren't out of gas, are you? You can run your old stone crusher, can't you? We'll see if you can give us a lift. Listen, now. See that hill?" The captain pointed to a blackness in the black night, a low, humpy shadow.

"WELL, on top of that hill is a plateau that we are supposed to take. Good. Well, the principal reason we can't take it is that along the top edge is a flock of machine guns. If we can dig them out we can get over the crest and the plateau is ours. We've been monkeying around here for two days trying to get up that hill and I'm sick of it.

"The war will be over before we get out of this road. So, having asked for five tanks I got one. Maybe you can give them a scare anyway. Go on up and we'll follow. On your way now, because it will be daylight pretty soon. After daylight, no business. Come, on your way!"

"Sir," said the tank driver, "I ain't got no machine gunner!"

"*What!* Whaddyuh mean, no machine gunner?" howled the captain.

"Well, as I said, sir, we got too far up on the road an' the boche heard us an' let ding and I had my door open to see, because it was blacker than hell, and a bullet comes in through the door an' plugs my machine gunner."

The captain began to orate.

II.

ALL the time the captain and the driver had been conversing, the fat doctor had been examining the tank, feeling its wet sides, trying to decipher the device painted on the turret, and trying to see into its dark interior. A warm welcome smell came from the tank, a smell of steam, of hot oil, and the faded fragrance of cigarette smoke. It was dry in there, thought the doctor, dry and warm, and these tank drivers had leather cushions to sit on, a steel wall to keep out bullets, and a radiator at their backs to keep them warm. What luxury! The captain interrupted these thoughts.

"Here, doctor," he said, "there's a patient for you in the tank. The gunner has been hit, so you patch him up as best you can. He's going to make the attack and run his gun if we have to tie him to it. As long as he's got a finger left to pull a trigger with he's going on! Come outta that!" The captain poked his head into the tank and his voice boomed. "Come outta that, you gold brick! There's a doctor here; we want to dress your wound!"

The man in the tank making no reply, the captain crawled in, his language flowing freely. Shortly he crawled out again.

"I think he's dead," said he in milder tones. "Have a look, will you, doctor?"

They dragged out the machine gunner and laid him in the road for the doctor to examine. It did not take long to give a decision.

"He's dead," said the doctor. "I don't know where he was hit, but he's dead."

"He was hit in the leg," volunteered the driver.

"Probably bled to death," said the captain. "Meanwhile, we still sit here. Sergeant Claflin, Corporal Kane, anyone, here! Find me a machine gunner to go with this tank. Who can run a machine gun?"

Silence. A black road, four o'clock in the morning, and a rainy night. A poor place to ask a man if he can run a machine gun, especially when the gun is the surviving tank of a squadron of five.

"Blank and blank and dash," bellowed the captain. "Are you all fools? Isn't there a man in this battalion that has the guts to go in this tank? Are you all yellow?" Silence. Then up and spake the fat doctor.

"I'll go," said he.

"You! What do you know about a machine gun?"

"*Bokoo,*" said the doctor. "I used to be doctor to a machine gun company on the border. I can run one of those things. All you have to do is to pull the trigger."

"Well, get in and get going," said the captain, finally. "We've got to do the best we can."

The doctor thereupon clambered onto the front of the tank, while the driver cranked the motor.

Entrance to the tank was by means of a door, the lower part of which opened in two halves and the upper part of which was a sort of trapdoor effect. The doctor, encumbered with musette bag, and bandage and tool kit, was unable to pass.

"Hurry and get in," urged the captain. "What are you waiting for?"

"I'm stuck," said the doctor. "The door is too small."

"Ah, courage gone already, eh? Too late, old Pills and Iodine. Here, men, give him a shove!"

Only too willingly many men stepped up, men whose boils had been treated by this doctor, men who had been painted with iodine and marked "duty," and they heaved upon the doctor's form. He disappeared suddenly into the tank with a loud cry.

"Sit on the seat in there," called the driver. "Sit on the seat and give yourself a shove when you want to turn the turret." He climbed in and was about to shut the door, but there was a sudden clamor down the road.

"HERE'S a machine gunner," cried some men. The doctor, his back against the warm radiator, and his ear close to the side of the turret, where he could listen to the rain beating against the tank, heard voices in the road. It appeared that someone had run away back to the machine guns and brought up a gunner to go in the tank.

"Come, doctor," called the captain, "come out. You don't need to go, here's a real gunner."

"I can't come out," said the doctor in a peaceful, satisfied voice. "The door is too small and there's no one to shove me. My, but it's warm and cozy in here!"

"You come out of that!" ordered the captain. "Put out your neck and we'll pull you from this side."

The doctor discovered a little peephole in the side of the turret and to this he applied his mouth.

"You were the man that was so eager to shove me in here," said he, "now you can go to hell for the militiaman you are! I can't get out. Drive on, James!"

The door clanged shut, the motor roared, and sounding like all the coffee grinders in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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BONDS - SHORT TERM NOTES - ACCEPTANCES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

world going at once, the tank shoved its way through the earth wall on the opposite side of the road and clattered across the field.

It was rough riding in there, thought the doctor. In a short time he could feel the fillings in his teeth beginning to loosen. He braced his feet and hung to the sides of the turret, but it availed him little. Suddenly the grinding ceased and the tank came to a halt.

"Ow!" cried the doctor, as he felt a sudden pain in his leg. He reached down and encountered a hand.

"It's me," cried the driver. "Do you know where these guns are at?"

"No," said the doctor. "Does the tank bump much worse than this ever?"

"This ain't bumpy!" shouted the driver. "Wait till we begin to fall in an' out o' shell holes! Say, were you ever in a tank before?"

"No."

"WELL, I'd better give you a little dope. You watch through the hole there, the little peephole, and run the gun, and tell me where to go. Tap me on the right shoulder to go to the right, and on the left to go to the left, and on the back of the neck to go straight ahead. An' one thing important. Right here at my elbow is a little red button. If I get hit, push it."

"What's it for?" asked the doctor. "Does it open the emergency door or something?"

"I'll say it opens an emergency door. It blows up the tank! It's there so the boche won't capture the tank and use it."

"Blows up the tank!" gasped the doctor. "How about the passengers? For the love of Pete, don't fall on it when the tank gets rolling."

"I'll try to be careful," said the driver.

There was a sharp rapping on the side of the tank.

"Bullets!" gasped the doctor.

Then a voice came faintly to the crew of the tank.

"Get going!" said the voice, with some unnecessary profanity. "We follow, and no gold-bricking, either."

The doctor, to practice his recent instructions, tapped the driver on the neck. The motor roared, the gears ground, and the tank began to pitch and roll as does a ship that feels the heave of the sea at the harbor's mouth. The doctor peeked through the little hole, but could see nothing. He hoped the driver would lose the direction and take the tank away from the enemy lines.

How warm it was in here! And dry! Let the rain beat upon the roof and little drops spatter through the peephole; it could not wet the doctor. He was warmer

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]
now than he had been since he entered the service. Why couldn't he give this driver a few taps on the shoulder and turn him around?

If the tank went away from the enemy, and explanations were later called for, the driver could say that the doctor, being an officer, and also in observation, had taken him in the wrong direction, while the doctor could plead his ignorance and inexperience as excuse for his mistake.

"Ah, but that damned captain will go rapping on the turret and swearing, so it's no use." The doctor applied his eye to the peephole, but could see no sign of the infantry. The tank began to growl in fiercer tones, and the doctor felt its nose lift.

"It's too late now," thought the doctor. "If I tap his shoulder he'll know I'm giving him a wrong steer, because he can feel the slope of the hill before him. Damn the infantry. I've a mind to turn the machine gun on 'em."

HE took another look, but saw nothing. The black night, tree trunks, and an eyeful of water was the entire result of a long look through the hole. Ah, well, why worry? The doctor was warm and, though not yet dry, he was getting no wetter.

A bright light gleamed outside, its radiance entering through the peephole and lighting the interior of the tank. The doctor hastily closed the shutter. Almost at once there was a sharp rapping on the turret.

"The cursed captain," thought the doctor, but in a few seconds he knew he was wrong. The captain, no matter how great his rage, could not rap so long and vigorously. The rapping was machine gun bullets, and they were being fired with considerable animosity.

The doctor, his shoulder against the butt of his machine gun, felt for the trigger and applied his eye to the sighting aperture. He could see nothing but field, trees that seemed to have been white-washed on the far end of it, and the raindrops gleaming like silver. Was that light never going out? Probably not, for the enemy had a great store of these rocket flares, and they would keep this air full of them until this lone tank either retreated or was destroyed. And if the tank had companions, the enemy wanted to know it, and also where the said companions were.

The doctor took another look. Hah! Boche! His hand groped for the trigger of the machine gun. Rrrrr-rip! The doctor stopped firing and took another peek. The boche were not disturbed. They seemed to be dancing about a tiny object in the center of the group, and the doctor's bullets had no effect on them. He fired another burst, but secured no casualties. Damn the driver! Where was he going? The doctor reached down and hammered the driver's left shoulder. Obediently the tank swung to the left, and the dancing Germans were no longer visible.

"Oh, what a fool!" cried the doctor. "No, I'm the fool. Why, this thing turns, of course!" He shoved with his foot, and turret, seat, and gun turned easily. The doctor looked straight ahead now, over the nose of the tank.

Rrrr-rip-rip-rip went his gun. The group of Germans slid nearer, as though on a moving conveyor.

"Why, that's a mortar!" cried the doctor. He could see now the tiny toylike cannon in the center of these Germans. They leaped aside. There was a flash as the mortar was fired, but the sound of the explosion was inaudible.

"What's the matter with this condemned gun?" yelled the doctor. "I can't hit a barn with it!"

This was not strange, since the doctor was not an experienced gunner, never having fired one in his life before, and, the clip having run through, the doctor was now pointing an empty machine gun at the target and pressing tightly on the trigger withal. The noise of the tank prevented him noticing that the machine gun made no further sound.

Again there was the flash of the mortar under the very nose of the tank, but the mortar's projectile exploded somewhere harmlessly, for the tank gave no sign of a wound. The Germans took another look at it, decided that they had no time for a third shot, and turned to flee. Then the tank was upon them.

III.

IN the space of a few seconds a great many things occurred. The tank dipped into a shell hole, clambered out on the other side, and began to zigzag wildly across the field. The doctor heard a sound like a distant door slamming. Smoke drifted across the little field of vision that the peephole afforded him.

Another door slammed and the smoke grew thicker. The snarl and growl of the tank's machinery took on a different note, a high-pitched whine almost, as though the tank cried out in pain. Another door slamming seemingly on the other side of the tank's wall, and the tank came to an abrupt halt. Silence.

"Come on!" roared the doctor, his voice booming in the stillness. "Get a move on; this is no place to stop."

"I know it," replied the driver, "but we're done. The boche have put the kibosh on us."

"How come?" cried the doctor. "I thought this tank was bullet-proof."

"It is," said the driver; "but it ain't shellproof. The motor's dead."

"Well, can't you fix it?" demanded the doctor.

"Picture me liftin' the hood and monkeyin' with that motor," said the driver with scorn.

The doctor took thought. There was a whoop and a howl as a shell rushed joyously to destruction close at hand, there was the deep, sullen grunt of minenwerfer pigs exploding. The ruined town must be held in force, and the tank made a fine target.

"What do we do now?" asked the doctor.

"We can pull a sneak or we can blow up the tank."

"Oh, God!" groaned the doctor. "We can't sneak. We wouldn't run a yard before we'd have more bullets in us than an ammunition cart."

"Well, we'll blow her up."

"No!" shrieked the doctor. "Here, don't touch that thing."

"Come on," said the driver, "be a man; it won't hurt you at all. Just a little twinge and it's all over."

THE doctor wished that he might see the driver's face. He had a suspicion that the driver was not quite sincere. His last remark had been too reminiscent of the preamble to minor operations of the Medical Corps, U. S. A.

As though someone had turned off a switch, the dazzling light that had outlined the country ever since the tank's first appearance went out.

"Now, then!" cried the driver. Clang! clang! went the door, a cold blast of air rushed in, and a scrambling sound ensued.

"Hey!" cried the doctor. The light went on again, and now it shone into the tank through the open door in the front. Of the driver, no trace. How might the doctor shut the door again? A voice spoke seemingly from beneath his feet.

"Come outta that! D'yuh wanta get killed? Git out when the light goes out!"

The light went out, but two of its fellows were in the air when it did. And when they went out four more blossomed. There would be no more darkness until the tank was a heap of junk. Slam! went a shell. The driver, flat on his stomach behind the tank, heard the hum of the fragments and the angry clang of them striking the steel above him.

BLAM! A shell burst not three yards away. Clouds of smoke rolled along the ground, the driver coughed and wept with the sting of the high explosive in his throat, and he felt the tank move bodily to one side.

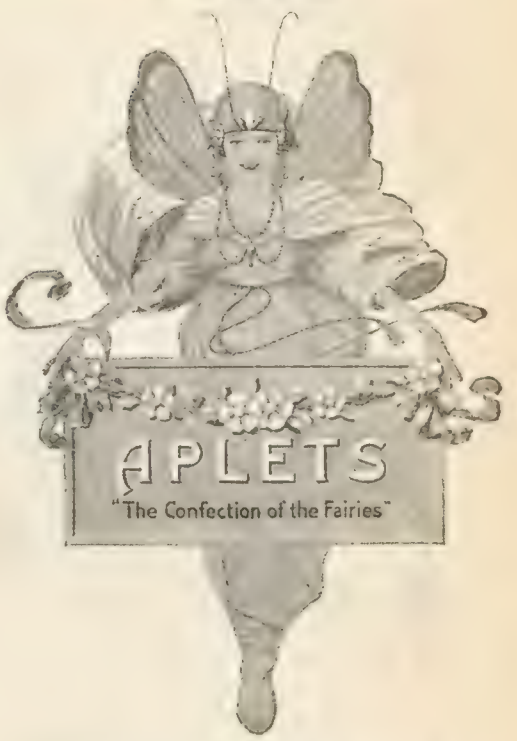
"Here's where I go," thought the driver. "This place is too hot. It won't do the doctor no good for me to get killed, too."

He slid into the smoke and heard behind him the faint clang of the tank's door closing.

At daybreak the infantry began

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This Advertisement will *not be repeated*...
It calls for *action!*



Shouldn't *your candy counter be handling*—

APLETS...

IN THE "Vale of Cashmere," fringing the heart of the World's Greatest Apple Country, is produced a confection the like of which is obtainable nowhere else on earth. It is distilled apple essence filled with the nuts of California's choicest walnuts.

S. S. Pierce, the internationally-known Boston grocery house, receives a substantial shipment each week. Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, one of the country's really great department stores, sells large quantities. Fred Harvey has been handling them since 1922. Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago; the famous Davenport Hotel, Spokane; Taft & Pennoyer, Oakland; and many, many other fine shops and institutions from one end of the land to the other sell Aplets, "The Confection of the Fairies."

They come in dollar, and in larger and smaller packages. From cities and towns where Aplets aren't retailed, we accept orders direct, shipping the confection prepaid to individuals. Most of the present retailers handling Aplets, and there are a vast number of them, are the direct result of tourists having tasted this confection while in the Pacific Northwest and either mailing a package to friends or telling them of Aplets. In cities where we are not already adequately represented, we shall be glad to hear from the retail candy counters of better stores, that we might place before them the Aplets proposition.

We are located at Cashmere, Washington, and the name of our organization is the Liberty Orchards Company.

APLETS

"The Confection of the Fairies"

4 out of 5

Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of dreaded Pyorrhea. Will you escape?

Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums—*not* the teeth

That's one outstanding fact everybody should know. And if everybody *did* know it, the number of Pyorrhea's victims would soon be greatly reduced.

You may take splendid care of your teeth—brush them several times a day—and still get Pyorrhea. Once Pyorrhea secures a firm hold, pus pockets form, gums become weak and flabby, the teeth loosen and fall out no matter how white and sound they may be.

Forhan's means healthy gums

It contains the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent, as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea. Forhan's protects and preserves the gums, keeping them in a firm, pink, healthy condition; cleans and whitens the teeth, and keeps the mouth sweet, fresh and wholesome. If you don't care to discontinue the tooth paste you are now using, at least brush your teeth and gums once a day with Forhan's.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

their attack. The original plan had been to follow on the tank's heels, but while the sound of its growling progress was still in their ears a breathless runner arrived with the news that two companies of a reserve battalion were on the way to assist in the capture of the plateau. The captain thereupon prudently decided to wait for the reinforcements. Meanwhile the tank went on its way alone.

The two fresh companies arrived about half an hour later, under command of a major.

"Well, captain," said he, after the usual greetings, "it sounds rather lively up there."

He indicated the direction of the plateau, where the Germans were receiving the tank with true Teutonic hospitality.

"It's hot enough," agreed the captain.

"Well, let's make our dispositions and be ready to jump forward as soon as it's light. I suppose it's no good waiting for the tanks I hear were promised."

"One's shown up," said the captain. "It's up there now having a look. He'll be back again any minute. By the sound it's too hot for him to stay there long."

"He'll be back or killed, sure enough," agreed the major. "Well, how many rifles can you put on the firing line?"

THE two officers then plunged into discussion of effectives, ammunition, amount of rations available, state of water supply, and what illegitimate imbeciles the artillery were, they being unable to place a barrage anywhere but down the necks of their own countrymen.

So then, at daylight, the advance began. The artillery preceded the infantry with a fine barrage, and the infantry not having shifted position several times since they had last reported their location to the gunners, the barrage did not fall into their ranks, but walked ahead of them like a guide. The infantry followed, scouts, combat groups, machine gunners, one-pounders and trench mortars, and lastly, not too far back to be useless, nor yet too near to be in danger, a command group consisting of the captain, the major, and a lieutenant or two with their respective runners.

The first wave reached the crest of the hill and advanced onto the plateau. The second wave followed. The artillery had smothered the enemy machine gunners, and as yet there had been no casualties. Hence the major looked curiously at a body he had to pass.

"That isn't one of your men, is it?" the major asked the captain.

"No; it must be the tank driver. See his helmet?" The captain pointed to the driver's helmet, a leather affair such as football play-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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In this easy way

There is an easy, pleasant, scientific way for attaining proper weight. It has proved itself for 18 years. Countless people all around you show its good results.

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You should know Marmola. We state every ingredient and tell you how and why it acts. When you know it you will use it until you reach the slenderness you wish. Find out the facts in justice to yourself.

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196

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There IS *a way to retain daintiness*

How haunting the fear! How embarrassing should you discover it true! And yet this is a problem with which *every* woman has to contend!

The thousands of fastidious women who use *Eau de Cologne-No. 4* are truly to be envied, for theirs is a dainty personal deodorant that *neutralizes all body odors* but does not check natural perspiration. Thus they preserve their daintiness the entire day through.

Eau de Cologne No. 4

Eau de Cologne-No. 4 is a personal toilette water, of a rare fragrance that you will like. It cleanses each tiny pore of the skin and leaves a velvet soft surface—free from all excess of oils . . . a perfect powder base. Use it as a last touch of finesse—in the bath and after.

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Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

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Why STA-RITE
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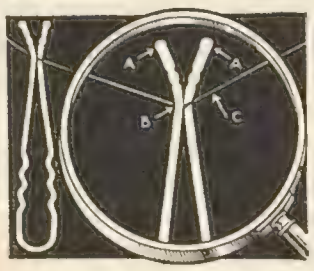

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STA-RITE Bobbed-Hair Hairpins hold by compression at their points. They hold firmly *beneath*, instead of at the surface of the hair.

STA-RITE hold the hair just as you dress it, and keep it trim and neat. They are best for *Long Hair*, too! Try a package today!

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If you cannot conveniently secure them, we will send postpaid. Wire pins 10c, 15c and 25c per box; Celluloid 10c and 25c per box. State color wanted.

Lock Them In by Crossing the Points

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO.
Dept. L-1 Shelbyville, Ill.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

ers wear. "Yes, that's the driver. See the tank over there?" He pointed across the field to where a pile of junk bore some resemblance to a light tank. The caterpillar tread on one side curled in the air like a shattered arm, the motor was laid bare by a shell, and the turret rested at a slight yet clearly perceptible angle, as might a man's hat who has taken a bit too much alcohol. From this turret projected the thin stalk of the tank's machine gun.

"I suppose the tank was disabled and the crew abandoned it," said the major. "I don't see any signs of the machine gunner. I hope he wasn't killed."

"Small loss if he was," observed the captain. "The gunner had been hit, so I sent a fat doctor along to take his place. He was just a big fat boob. He hadn't done a thing all night but whine at the cold and the fact that he hadn't had anything to eat. Why they send——"

Tatatat-tat-tatatatatat! The staff flung themselves to earth. An enemy machine gun had opened fire. It was between the Americans and their barrage, and hence its extinction would be a matter of some time and considerable casualties. Meanwhile the barrage continued to roll forward.

"There goes a day's work," muttered the major, spitting out dirt that he had bitten in his haste to get close to the ground. "The barrage will get way ahead of us and they'll all be out of their holes and laying for us."

"That gun is between us and the first wave," said the captain. "I can see it."

"By God, there it is!" cried the major. "They're shooting our men in the back. Has anyone got a grenade?"

IT appeared that no one had. The German gunners, intent only on the infantrymen of the second wave, did not see the staff. The staff could see the gray figures plainly.

"Let's rush 'em anyway," said the major. At that moment one of the Germans turned, saw the raised heads of the staff, and swung his gun at them.

Pup-pup-pup-pup! The German gunners went over as though blown down by the wind.

"By God, the tank!" cried the major. "Someone's in the tank."

Up came the heads of the staff again, and, sure enough, the thin black barrel of the tank's gun waggled a bit and fired another burst at the Germans.

"Come on," said the major; "the Jerries are done for."

The captain and the lieutenants got to their feet and ran with the major to the tank.

"Imagine the old boy sticking to the tank after it was disabled," exclaimed the captain, "even after the driver had quit. I'll hand it to him, he's got guts."

"Open up in here!" cried the major, rapping on the tank's side. "The war's over; open up and come out. I want to thank you."

The little door went up and the doctor's sad face appeared in the opening.

"It's about time you showed up," said he. "I've got shell shock and God knows what."

"Anything that I ever said that might have hurt your feelings I apologize for," said the captain. "You're a brave man! Believe me, that last burst of yours was opportune."

"I'VE been monkeying with that gun all night trying to get a fresh clip in, and just found the combination," said the doctor.

"You'll get a decoration and a majority out of this, you bet," said the major. "Your motto ought to be, 'Don't give up the ship!' Didn't you know that the crew doesn't stick by a tank after it's disabled?"

"Uh!" said the doctor. He looked all around the circle with his red-rimmed sunken eyes.

"Ah, uh!" said he again. "Oh, death before dishonor, that's me."

"Come," said the major, "we must be on our way. Find a dressing station, doctor, and get yourself looked to. I won't forget this, I assure you."

The major and the staff then ran off into the fog and smoke after the attacking infantry.

Through the smoke painfully hobbled a machine gunner, wounded in the leg. He was the same man who almost usurped the doctor's place as gunner on the tank.

"That was a narrow escape," said the doctor. "I came near bumping into that button several times."

"Button?" repeated the gunner, whereupon the doctor repeated what the tank driver had told him about the devastating "little red button."

"Hell!" was the contemptuous reply. "That fellow was kidding you. The only button in that tank is on your shirt."

Last of all in the attacking force came the stretcher bearers, their stretchers over their shoulders, looking for wounded. To one of them the doctor whistled. The stretcher bearer ran over.

"Listen," said the doctor. "Shsh! I'm Captain Caldwell, you know, of the Second Battalion. Shshsh! Listen, you're a corporal from now on. Go get me a hack saw. Find an M. O. R. truck and get me a hack saw."

"A hack saw, sir!" gasped the stretcher bearer.

"Yes, a hack saw. I'm stuck in this damned tank and can't get out."

THE END

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ROY CARRUTHERS, *President*

TRUTH DISPELS A Child's Timidity

Parents, Be Warned: Don't Laugh at Shyness. What You Think the Happiest Times May, in Reality, Be Days and Nights of Terror

Introduce him to the birds and teach him their ways and their beauty.

By ANGELO PATRI

Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

THE author of this article is one of the best known educators in New York City. He began his chosen vocation of teaching in 1897, and has been principal of several leading public schools. His articles on educational topics in magazines and his daily newspaper contributions have made him a recognized authority. He also has written a number of books, including a volume of essays on Americanism.

CHILDHOOD is usually regarded as the happiest period of life. We speak of childhood in terms of beautiful metaphor; it is the springtime of being, the fairy-time of dreams and magic wishing, a shining day of light and laughter.

Children do not talk that way about it. They do not feel that way about it. There are often tear traces on their cheeks and the shadow of fear in their eyes. They are not unacquainted with sorrow.

It is only the adult who can look down the vista of years which veils his childhood in rainbows who can speak of those joy-brimming years. The adult memory selects what it chooses, the pleasant thing always. Children have no such perspective and no such power. Their troubles are present and real, and their pain is poignant.

Timid children suffer the most. All the fears that imagination and ignorance and helplessness can conjure dog the timid child's days and make his nights dreadful. The brewing thunderstorm becomes the threatening catastrophe of "the last trump" because somebody, more earnest than understanding, told a child who had no background of interpretation the story of the day of judgment. The crude and hungry imagination seized and devoured it in all literalness, fire and earthquake and destruction. And then a great fear was born, a fear that stayed long after the details of its creation had vanished.

The dark-skinned stranger carrying a bag—nobody more harmful or dangerous than a lace peddler or an advance agent for a soap drive—becomes a Jack the Ripper because someone with a taste for horror read aloud the newspaper account of a tragedy, and the audience, forgetting the child or ignoring him, embroidered the tale with rare touches of folklore and legend.

Pleasant enough for the grown-ups, but what of the child who was to lie awake staring into the dark, shuddering at each creak of the stairs, quivering at each flickering shadow that danced on the ceiling?

Tears would be a welcome relief, but tears do not come easily to a fear-stricken child whose imagination is peopling his world with horrors. Sleep comes at last, but the fear breaks through and the nightmare tortures him. Morning comes with its promise of the new day, but the haunting memory stirs at sight of the man with the bag, and the child dies anew.

Timidity acquired in this way is easy to uncover and cure, but there is a timidity of inheritance which is much more difficult to place and to help. A child may have a fear of a feather; another may shudder at the sight of a bit of fur. One will dread darkness, and another will tremble at the sound of the wind in the trees. Children who never have been frightened or treated harshly by people will fear strangers. Ghosts of some protective fear of our ancestors stir and lay cold hands on our children.

Grown folk, looking on, forgetting, as is the way with grown folk, the fears that beset their own childhood, tease and laugh at the timid child, or, if the temperament leads the other way, scold and drive him out to face his fear. Comparatively few persons seem to understand that shyness, or timidity, is an affliction which needs sympathetic and very wise treatment.

BUT before we can treat that timidity we must recognize it when we see it, and not everybody can do that. The child who cries when he has to go into the dark is plainly a timid child. So, too, is the one who runs off and shuts himself in the darkness of the closet to hide from the stranger.

But what of the loud, boisterous child? Take a good look at him and be sure that he, too, is not timid, shy as the rabbit which, brought to bay, whistles brazenly and stamps his foot at you, while all the time its poor, frightened little heart is beating so hard that it shakes the animal to its very ear-tips.

An old friend went to visit a family she had not seen for years, and when she was about to leave she asked to see the youngest child, who was still in the nursery. Helen, ten years old and very spidery as to legs and arms, dashed into the room.

"How do you do?" she shouted, and then,

without waiting for a reply, shrilled, "Want me to show you something?" and stood on her head and turned a handspring. When she came upright once more, laughing and shaking her mane very much like an excited pony, she said: "Want me to recite to you? Bet I could make you shiver some."

"Well, well, Helen! Sit down now and let our old friend see how much you look like me," said her perturbed mother.

"I look like you? How ridiculous, mother! You're *old*."

Somehow her mother got the child out of the room, and when she came back distressed and apologetic, the old friend said: "Never mind her. I understand. You have a very shy child there. You will have to be very wise and gentle, or she will collapse very suddenly."

Timidity forces some children into assuming this loud and boisterous manner. It is but a gesture of self-defense. Much of the loud boasting and threatening and boldness is but the armor of a fear-stricken child driven to extremity. This is especially true in adolescence. The dawning sense of individuality, of the loneliness of the human spirit, drives him to shield himself from a too pressing world filled with unknown forces over which he has no control and about which he has little understanding.

Twin brother to the boisterous child is the silent one. He shelters himself behind the furniture and makes himself as small as possible. If spoken to, he replies with a shrug of his shoulders or a nod of his head. Only as a last resort will he speak, and then his speech comes thick and husky from between parched lips.

If you watch the eyes of the silent child, you will see the veil fear drops over them when his spirit retreats to its secret place. Any response you draw from him then is going to be meager and inaccurate. A shy child, driven to speech, will say anything, regardless of rhyme or reason.

Many a child has gained the reputation of being a finished liar when he was but a fear-stricken child, too shy to control his reasoning mind. When his conscious self is paralyzed with fear he does things difficult to explain even to himself, much less to others.

ONE shy child dreaded going to ask a favor from a neighbor. When sent on such an errand he would start off briskly and as he neared the house slow down until he was scarcely crawling upon his leaden feet. One afternoon the mowing machine went wrong, and his father found that he must have a nut to fit a certain bolt and sent Willie after it.

Away sped Willie until he was close to the house, when, as usual, he slowed down. Dread of his father's wrath pushed him to the door, and as he stood with upraised hand to knock he saw the farmer and his wife rounding the corner of the house. Instinctively he dived off the back porch and hid in the fruit cellar.

"Pa, wasn't that somebody running off our back porch?" the farmer's wife asked.

"Pa" searched the cellar and the shed and the barn, then the fruit cellar, and there he found the shivering Willie.

"You want to visit in my fruit cellar, do you? All right. Stay there," said "Pa," putting the padlock in place and going back to the house.

Luckily, the father went in search for Willie, but neither the father nor "Pa" could understand why a boy should hide in a fruit cellar if it were not for the sake of the golden apples stored there.

Timidity, self-consciousness, shyness—call it by what name you will, it's quite as awful—puts children in all sorts of predicaments. A new dress will make some children strut with pride, but the shy child will run away and hide, even play truant, at the thought of the attention it will draw to him.

The thought of standing before the class to recite will change an intelligent, well informed child into the picture of imbecility. The dread of talking to a stranger will make a truthful child appear like a past master of evasion and the picture of guilt. His elders must be on guard against this affliction of childhood, or the child will be misjudged and mistreated and set wrong for life.

It is comforting to know that a little study of children soon discloses their characteristics, and if timidity be among them it can be trained down to where it will not completely handicap a child in every race he runs.

Speak clearly and gently to all children. Do not frighten them, and do not permit anyone

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Tears would be a welcome relief, but tears do not come easily to a fear-stricken child whose imagination is peopling his world with horrors.

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Handsome, nickel-trimmed, gold-stamped, light and perfect in balance—for 10c. And—a new idea—the new 555 Combination—3 Pencils, 3 colors of Lead—all in a tidy box. Write with **Black**, check with **Red**, Mark with **Blue.** Makes any office more efficient and cuts pencil bills 50%. We prove it!

Get your RITE-RITE today. Try it either with black lead or in the color combination. Big volume and amazing offer below makes it possible now to sell this remarkable automatic pencil for 10c. Get yours today.

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By our new, patented, exclusive process, we make lead that slips across the paper like magic—no gritty spots, double strength—wears down smoothly.

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Money back if you aren't satisfied. Don't pass up this remarkable offer, three pencils—three colors of lead—for less than the cost of one good pencil. See your dealer now or send the coupon. Now is the time. Act!

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Seven degrees of hardness. Improves any mechanical pencil.

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1 Black Rite-Rite Pencil—1 Red Rite-Rite Pencil—1 Blue Rite-Rite Pencil—12 sticks of Black Lead, also extra Blue and Red Leads. If you want extra sets for your friends, enclose 50 cents for each additional set.

How many		Amount
.....	No. 555 Combination at 50c per set	$.....
.....	Extra Rite-Rite Pencils—10c each. (Any Color)	.....
.....	Extra Rite-Rite **Black** Leads—10c per flatpak of 12	.....
.....	Extra Rite-Rite **Colored** Leads in Red, Blue, Green, Yellow or Purple—25c per flatpak of 12	.....
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Ask about Rite-Rite Imprinted Pencils for Advertising Purposes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

else to do so. Tell them the truth, as far as they can comprehend it, about whatever they ask, and leave the rest to time and experience.

In teaching them about God, make sure that it is the God of Love you teach. "He shall give his angels charge concerning you," is far better teaching for a child than "The wicked shall have their share in the lake of hell fire."

When you meet a timid child, study him to discover the fear that is haunting him and do what you can to kill it. Bring the fear out into the light of reason and it will not trouble the child again.

The inherited fear is always more difficult to discover than the acquired fear, because it is smothered deep in the unconscious mind of the child. Unseen and unknown, it does its work very effectively. Though he shiver at the sight of the feather waving its fronds at his feet, he will say that he is not afraid; but he cannot pass a feather.

PICK up the feather and let him see you burn it. That makes him feel safe and gives him faith in you, for you neither scolded nor laughed, just helped him. Then introduce him to the birds and teach him their ways and their beauty. Familiarity breeds other qualities besides contempt. Fear cannot live with knowledge.

If the child fears the dark, go into the darkness with him and teach him about the stars and the moon and the resting time of creation. Let him turn on the light in his room and turn it off when it is time to sleep, even though he relight it in panic.

When the child is timid about meeting strangers, tell him you understand, but teach him that people are all very much alike and friendly to children. He will not take your word for that, so you will have to put him in touch with friendly people, and little by little his fear will vanish.

Instead of lecturing children upon their timidity, set the stage so that they will, almost without knowing it, overcome their difficulty.

A childhood spent under the shadow of fear casts a spell on the years that come after. There is nothing too much for us to do to lift it.

THE END

Beg Your Pardon!

In Liberty for July 18, in an article called Golf Gambling, the following sentence appeared:

The other heavy betting event in American golf history was at the Engineers' Club, Chicago, when Chick Evans emerged victor over Francis Ouimet.

This should have read: "the Engineers' Club in Roslyn, Long Island." The Engineers' Club in Chicago had nothing to do with the golf match.

Indigestion vanishes~

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The stomach, you see, should be slightly acid—it's the normal condition for proper digestion.

And bicarbonate of soda, good as it is for many things, leaves the stomach with an alkaline residue which interferes with digestion.

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Gastrogen Tablets promptly relieve hyper-acidity. There they stop! That's their work. In a few minutes after taking, your stomach will be normal—"in neutral," as it were—free from alkalines, and digesting your food as it should.

Your indigestion will vanish, your heartburn and your distress will be gone and, even if you ate a hundred Gastrogen Tablets, there can be no bad effect. When they sweeten your stomach they cease to work and pass through the system unchanged.

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"RUBY ROBERT" (*Alias BOB FITZSIMMONS*)

The Inside Story of How the Hardest Hitter in Prize Ring History Became a World Champion

By ROBERT H. DAVIS

IN the preceding installment Mr. Davis narrated his setting forth to cover the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight for a New York newspaper and how, for almost a month before the great battle, he acted as Fitzsimmons' "private secretary." He presented an intimate closeup of the Australian and also gave Fitzsimmons' own version, told in his picturesque language, of how he became a pugilist, learning his own terrific hitting ability through a boyish fight with the rector's son in his home town in Australia.

PART II.

WINNING THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP

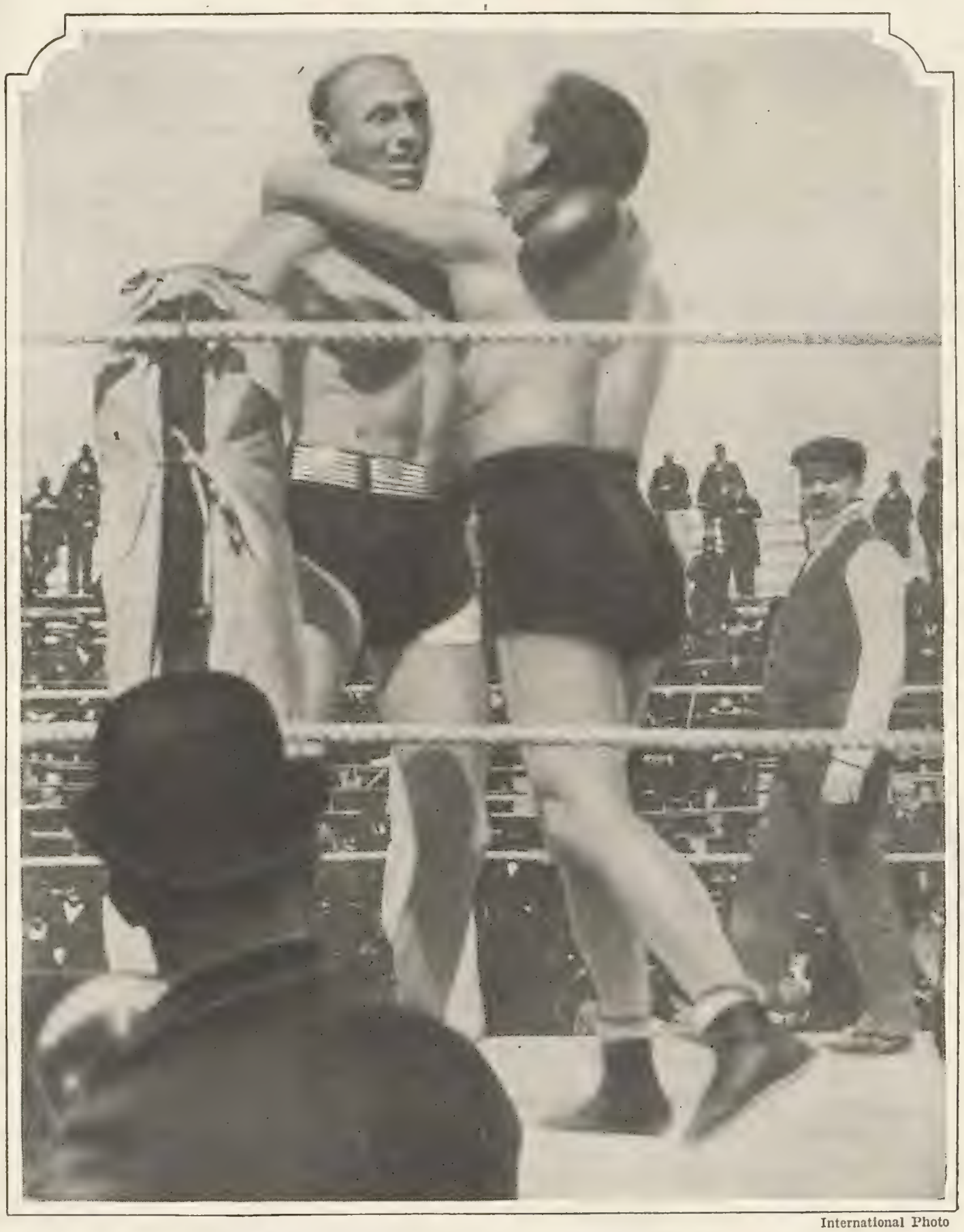
IN preparing Fitzsimmons for his fight with Corbett, Dan Hickey, Ernest Roeber, and Jack Stelzner had laid out a careful course of boxing and wrestling with plenty of road running and lots of sleep. Our cuisine was in the hands of a Chinaman, whose idea of high-class cooking was a platter of pork chops with every meal.

About the first of March Bob's wife, with her two sons, Robert and Martin, accompanied by a maid, came to the camp and took entire charge of his diet, much of which she prepared with her own hands. He had an obsession for calf's-foot jelly, which he consumed by the pound. Half a chicken, two vegetables, and a rice pudding were an average meal for him.

He was always overweighted with clothing, believing that a continuous mild warmth was preferable to one single chill. He slept under thin blankets and never moved until morning.

His road work was the most systematic part of his program. Ten, twelve, or fifteen miles a day were nothing for him. Roeber, who weighed close to two hundred pounds, did not care much about those jogging exercises, but Hickey and Stelzner followed him valiantly. His secretary made three attempts to see the country at a dog trot and finally retired to private life in Mr. Cook's parlor.

The most impressive episode that occurred on the highway was when Corbett and his retinue came over into the bailiwick of Fitzsimmons. The two men met about a mile from the Fitzsimmons camp.



International Photo

A HIGH-POINT in the fight which gave Fitzsimmons the world championship. "Ruby Robert" is to the left, breaking from a clinch with his opponent, James J. Corbett.

Fitz sighted the Corbett party coming down the penitentiary road, which led to the State's Prison and also to the Cook ranch. Billy Delaney, Charley White, Jim Jeffries, and a boxer named McCarthy were with Corbett. The late Bill Naughton, sporting editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, ambled along in the rear in a two-wheeled cart, waiting to see what he could see. I always thought that Bill negotiated that little meeting by inducing Corbett to go into the enemy's country.

Fitzsimmons was accompanied by Dan Hickey and the Great Dane, Yarum. When the two groups drew together Bob and Hickey walked up and shook hands with Delaney, Charley White, Jeffries, and McCarthy. The next man in the procession was Corbett. Fitz strode forward and offered his palm. Corbett made a gesture as though to accept and then suddenly changed his mind.

"I'll shake hands with you over there," he said, waving his arm in the direction of the nearly completed arena visible across the fields.

Fitz seemed quite embarrassed, and flushed.

"I'll shake after I've licked you," continued Corbett, as though to add a period to his statement.

"Then we'll never shake!" replied Fitz.

"You don't think you can lick me?" asked Corbett.

Fitz released a guttural laugh.

"What am I up 'ere training for?"

"I'll see you next Wednesday over there, and you had better bring your dog," retorted Corbett.

"I don't need the dog. You needn't wait until Wednesday," bristled the Australian, preparing to shed a light coat he was wearing. "I can lick you right 'ere and now!"

Billy Delaney took immediate charge of the situation, mumbling something about the absurdity of two gentlemen acting up on the public highway, thus averting what might have been an utterly profitless affair without motion pictures or gate receipts.

I knew nothing about this meeting until Hickey came running into my quarters, breathless and full of glee.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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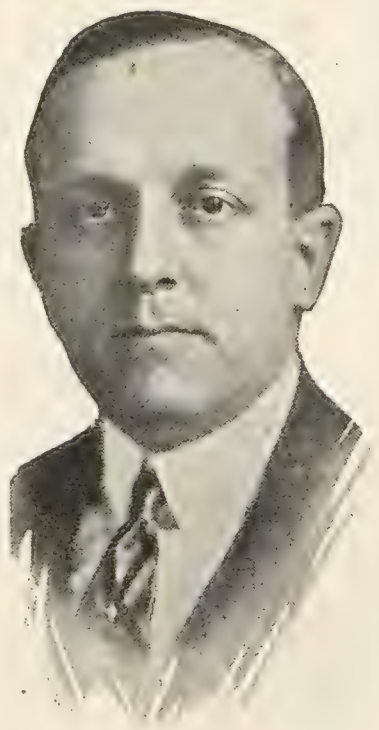

Yes, if you want to make $100 a week clear, net, cash profit, this is your chance to do it.

I want to tell you how, without any training or experience, you can immediately begin to make money—how you can establish yourself in a big, profitable business, without investment, training or experience. I want to tell you how you can make at least $50 a week in spare time—how you can have a business of your own that will get bigger and more profitable day by day, how you can have hundreds of customers, an automobile of your own, and tremendous profits.

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I don't care what your experience has been. I don't care what kind of work you are doing now, nor how much you are making, how old you are, or whether you are a man or woman. My proposition is so simple, so easy, so square, and so clean-cut that you are bound to make a success of it.

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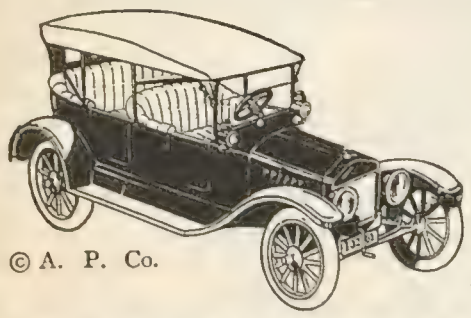

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Please send me, without one cent of cost and without any obligation, complete details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.

Name.....
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.....
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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

"Fitz just licked Corbett!"

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say! They met on the road above the prison and had some words."

He then described the meeting in full.

"Thought you said he licked him?"

Dan Hickey is a first class Irish gentleman and believes in banshees, leprechauns, and fairies.

"That's the idea," he said, hurriedly. "The minute Bob started to take off his coat Corbett knew that Bob wasn't afraid of him. From that moment defeat set on Corbett's shoulders. He will go into the ring a whipped man. He hasn't got a chance! Delaney, Jeffries, and Charley White knew he was licked, and, so far as I'm concerned, the fight's won."

It had quite the opposite effect on Fitz. For several days he brooded over the fact that Corbett had refused what Bob intended to be a cordial salutation. By nature Fitzsimmons was a more or less sentimental, even-tempered man, slow to anger and swift to forgiveness. Rancor, hatred, and enmity had no part in his composition. I have heard him say repeatedly that he never fought a fight in his life but that he always felt sorry when he saw his adversary fall.

IN the meeting with the original Jack Dempsey at New Orleans, when the Nonpareil was staggering around that dirt arena helpless and facing defeat, Fitzsimmons begged him to quit.

"The champion never quits," retorted Dempsey, puffing a crimson spray from his bloody lips. "You've got to knock me out."

Fitzsimmons considered it an act of mercy to drop this incomparable man and terminate his agony. Dempsey fell face forward with his shattered mouth in the mud.

"To my dying day," said Fitzsimmons, describing this fight, "I will see Dempsey lying there with the little red bubbles busting as 'e breathed heavily into the red earth. I picked 'im up and helped carry 'im to his corner. I never lifted a braver man to 'is feet."

Two days before the fight, about six in the morning, the Chinese cook came into the room in which Fitz and I were sleeping and woke us up.

"Jess now I see one man he want take phlotoglaph."

"Wot's on your mind, Chink?" asked Bob.

"He out in sageblush. He gottem clamala leady. You come look see."

We repaired to the kitchen and through the window discerned, just tipping the sagebrush, a large eleven by fourteen camera turned on the doorway of Fitzsimmons' dressing room, which faced south-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

east; an ideal spot to take a photograph when the daylight arrived. Here was a trespasser, the first that had crept into our dominion.

We instructed the Chinaman to go right on with his preparation for breakfast and to leave the rest to us. As the light increased we could detect a thin rubber tube running away from the camera to a point in the sagebrush about twenty feet from the instrument itself.

Behind the kitchen door of the Cook homestead reposed a ten-gauge duck gun and an assortment of loaded shells. Fitzsimmons had a great plan:

After breakfast, just as the sun was coming up, he was to leave the farmhouse in his bathrobe and go to his dressing shack, which was built about four feet above the ground and was approached by a short stairway. Hickey, Stelzner, and Roeber were to group themselves around the entrance in graceful poses while Bob, at the head of the staircase in the open door, was to shed his bathgown and stand revealed in all his splendid physical majesty, wearing only a pair of trunks. No finer picture could have been had under any circumstances.

"Now you, Mr. Secretary, get the shotgun, open the window just a little bit, and when that cove gets his picture I don't care wot you do."

All set. A few moments after sun-up the quartet of intrepid jokesmiths strolled out to the dressing room and pulled the tableau. Fitz looked more like a gladiator at that moment than at any time in his life. He was as pink as a baby. His round, barrel-like chest was inflated with deep breathing. His massive arms, in spite of their heroic proportions, hung lightly from his gorgeous shoulders. He faced the sunlight and came to rest.

From the Albert Davis Collection

"Gentleman Jim" Corbett, turned out in the fashion which helped earn him his soubriquet.

"*Click.*"

A perfect exposure.

"*Bang!*"

A perfect surprise. The camera hopped into space like a gigantic cockroach.

"*Bang!*"

The second barrel carried the death stroke. Glass plates seemed to be bursting for an indefinite period. The whole tripod rose from the earth like a skyrocket, crossed its triplicate legs, hovered for a moment and crashed to terra firma. The entrails of a six-hundred-dollar instrument disintegrated in all directions.

The fat gentleman, who we afterward learned was a photographic zealot from Chicago, rose from the sagebrush and ran practically out of the State in a cloud of dust.

That was the only filibuster who had the courage to make a raid. I would give a good deal to possess that photographic plate today. It must have been a beauty.

MARCH 17, 1897. One of those perfect mountain mornings, the atmosphere like crystal, not a cloud in the deep blue sky. Mrs. Fitzsimmons cooked Bob's breakfast: Half a chicken, two slices of toast, one cup of coffee, and a compote of stewed fruit. Bob did a little shadow boxing in the gymnasium and was subjected by Hickey to a thorough rubdown, after which he was wrapped in blankets and remained quiet until eleven o'clock, when we left for the arena in which had gathered about ten thousand persons.

From the Albert Davis Collection

Showing the muscular development which made Fitzsimmons the prize-ring's hardest hitter of all time—taken during the great Australian's prime.

Just before departing we weighed Bob, stripped, on a steelyard, than which there is no more accurate weighing device in the world. He tipped the scale at exactly one hundred and fifty-six and a half pounds.

"I'm still a middleweight. Now let's see wot 'appens," was his only observation.

The dressing room had been built in under the reserved seats and was extremely cold. Fitzsimmons disrobed and was reblanketed so completely that nothing was visible except a lock of his light hair, his eyes, and his nostrils. He remained perfectly quiet and said very little.

Dan Stewart, the promoter of the fight, came in and asked one question:

"Are you all right?"

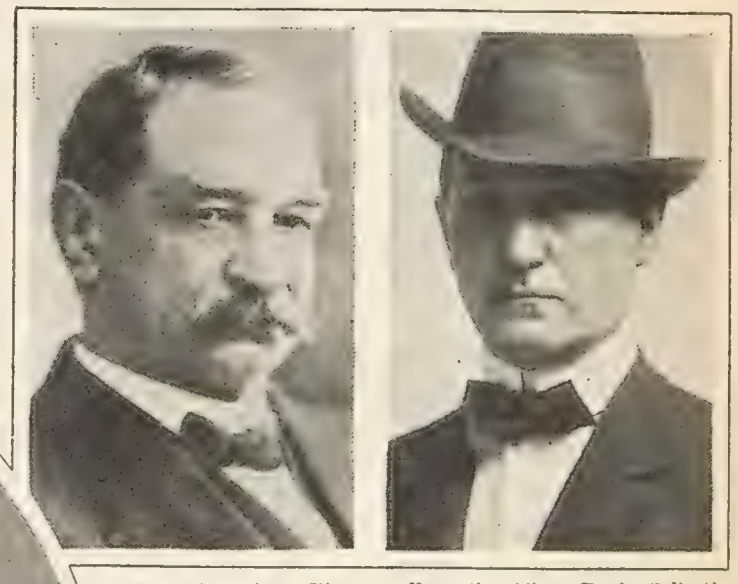
"Never better," replied Fitz.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons was standing at the head of the rude couch upon which Ruby Robert was stretched, smoothing his forehead. Stewart, with an almost imperceptible lift of his eyebrows, conveyed to me the suggestion that she should be escorted to her seat. I played the cavalier and started for the ringside with Mrs. Fitzsimmons on my arm. Suddenly she stopped.

"I must see Bob again. I've got to see him."

Bob stood up, pressed Rose to his heart, and declaimed in his high voice:

"Rose, go back to your seat. When this fight is hover you will be the wife of the champion of hall the champions of hall the world."



The Ring, Inc., Photo

George Siler, who refereed the great battle.

From the Albert Davis Collection

William A. Brady, a personage at the fight.

I hurried the good woman to the seat beside the late Senator John J. Ingalls, who had been engaged by the *Journal* to describe the fight from its senatorial aspects. The lawmaker was the soul of courtesy and did his best to entertain the lady. I returned to the dressing room.

Hickey and I talked in the corridor while the serene Fitzsimmons steeped himself in composure. After fifteen minutes he awoke, and shortly after that the summons came to enter the ring. Corbett followed in five minutes. My seat was immediately behind Fitzsimmons, as close to the post as I could get. On my right sat Mrs. Fitzsimmons and on her right Senator Ingalls. On my left were Hickey, Stelzner, Roeber, and Martin Julian.

George Siler, the referee, called the principals to the center of the ring and delivered the customary preliminary instructions, after which both men returned to their corners.

The gong sounded. Corbett stepped out of his corner and walked toward Fitzsimmons with his hand extended. Fitz, still smarting under the indignity that had been offered on the highway, declined the hand of his foe. Corbett flushed as Fitzsimmons had flushed a few days before on the open road. For an instant a profound stillness settled over the arena.

Both men, in the pink of condition, stood like a pair of stone images, Corbett with his high guard, buoyant in posture, apparently poised on the balls of his feet; Fitzsimmons with his left foot far in advance of his right, apparently standing flat, his massive battering rams swinging from his shoulders.

Action! Lead! Block! Counter! Cross in and out! Blow for blow! Caution! Craft! Each coaxed the other to lead, to come forward, to start a right or a left.

The lithe Californian moved like a shadow. At times the Australian appeared to be like the bronze blacksmith who used to strike the chimes on the New York *Herald* clock, moving only at the hips, waiting to release a sledge-

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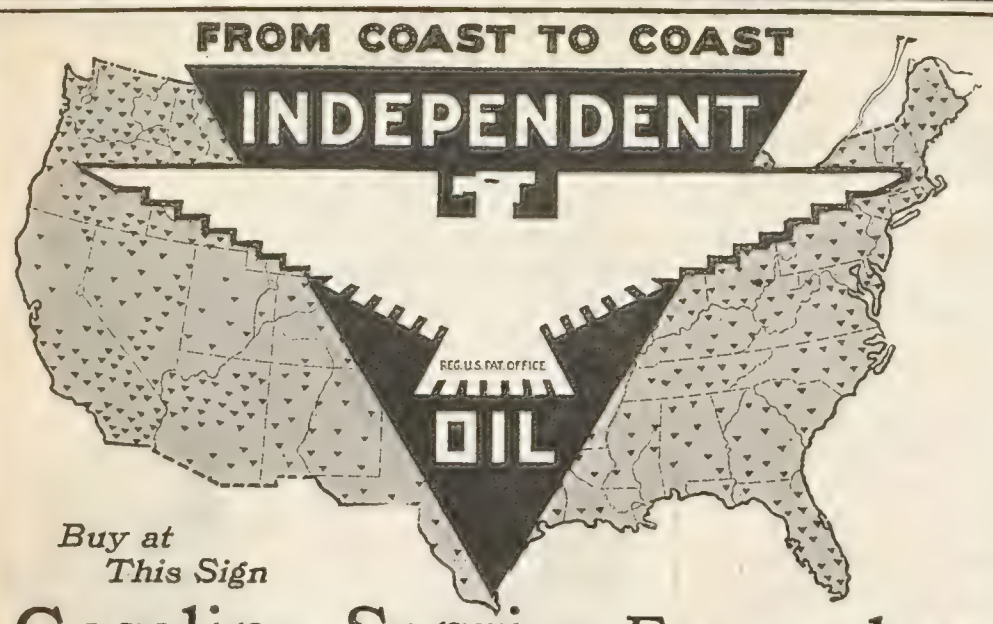

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

hammer at his adversary. A cautious pair.

Second round. Third round. Fourth round. All pretty much alike. Numerous blows were struck, none of particular consequence. It was plain that Corbett was the better boxer. At the end of the fourth round, as Fitzsimmons took his seat, he blurted into my right ear:

"Ask any questions you want. I'll talk to you. I'm not winded. 'E can't knock me out. I haven't felt a single punch. If 'e will only lead!"

Well, from that moment until the end of the fight Fitz and I carried on a running conversation after each round, discussing his condition, his hopes, and his irritation at delay. He seemed to have one idea, one desire—to get close enough to plant that invincible left.

THE morning of the fight S. S. Chamberlain, managing editor of the New York *Journal,* sent me this telegram:

PLEASE WIRE YOUR GUESS AS TO RESULT.
S. S. CHAMBERLAIN.

Having had no experience with the prize ring, I handed the telegram to Fitz. After a moment of reflection he said:

"Tell him I'll win in seven rounds."

"Which hand?"

"Left hand."

"Chin or body?"

"I'll 'it 'im somewhere in the body. It ain't so easy to 'it 'is chin."

I went to my typewriter, thought the matter over for a while, and decided that the seven rounds idea was a bad lay. Being mildly superstitious and believing in the number seven, I decided finally to double Fitzsimmons' guess; to take seven for each of us and let him have his own way with the left hand. I wired:

MY GUESS IS FOURTEEN ROUNDS. LEFT HAND BODY BLOW. FITZSIMMONS WINS.
R. H. DAVIS.

The whole transaction was the wild guess of an untutored individual posing as an expert. It was passed around the office and met with wild guffaws. Furthermore, it was chalked on the bulletin board in front of the *Journal* office, where it remained for about half an hour, and was finally erased.

Due to the high, dry atmosphere of the mountains, four thousand feet above sea level, a crack had developed in Fitzsimmons' lower lip, and had been widened by Hickey in training. It would not heal. During the fourth and fifth rounds Corbett reached this

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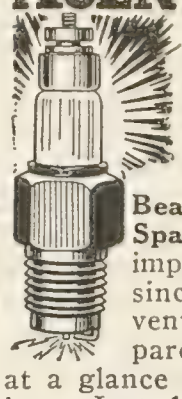

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AT ALL NEWSDEALERS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

tender spot with repeated left jabs. At the beginning of the sixth round it began to bleed. A thin stream of blood ran down to Bob's chin where it began to smear.

Corbett mistook this red badge for something important and stepped in with considerable vigor. Both men then mixed it, and as Bob came out of the clinch he slipped. Corbett was setting himself for a right wallop, but Fitzsimmons, slightly off his balance, seized Corbett around the legs and slid down his body to the floor.

Not a blow was struck during that entire performance. It was merely a question of one man off his balance reaching the floor through a little play of tactical dexterity. Corbett showed no inclination to mix it the rest of that round. He must have known that it was no blow of his that floored his opponent.

There was so little concern in the Fitzsimmons corner between the sixth and seventh rounds that we joked about the prophecy.

"Here comes the seventh, Bob," I said. "What are you going to do?"

"I can't get at 'im. 'E's fast. Wait."

One swipe of a sponge cleared the blood from the lip and chin, upon which there was not the slightest abrasion.

BOTH men were singularly cautious from the very beginning, and to my unpracticed eye it seemed either man's fight up to the beginning of the thirteenth round, during the latter half of which Fitzsimmons began to land his blows on Corbett's face. During the mix-up Fitzsimmons shot a short right across his own left guard. One of Corbett's gold teeth fell out, smote the canvas and ricocheted among the boxholders.

Just before the close of the thirteenth round Fitzsimmons worked close to Corbett and began to plant body blows. The San Franciscan for the first time seemed to be in actual distress, whereas Fitzsimmons was gaining confidence and moving with panther-like alacrity. When the round ended Fitz took his corner with one bound. Before I had an opportunity to ask him a question, he placed his left glove against his right cheek, leaned down close to the post where I was standing and said deliberately:

"'Ave you got any money on you?"

"Eighty dollars in gold."

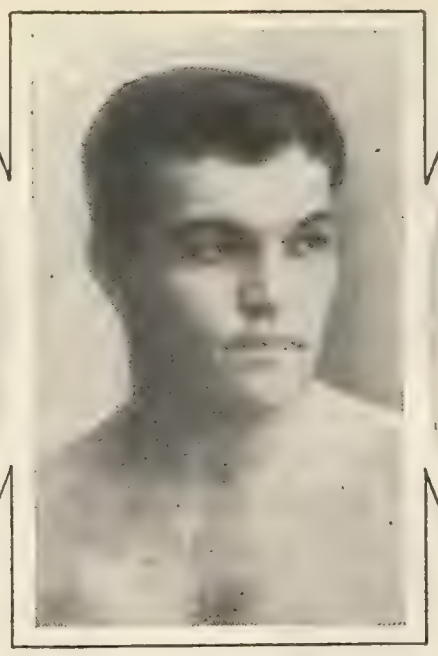
"Bet it all on the next round. I am going to knock 'im out."

I jumped down, turned to Fred Bushnell, official photographer for both camps, handed him my own eighty dollars and imparted the thrilling information with instructions to put it all up as fast as he could and in as many directions. There was so much interest centering on the ring at that moment that the little transaction between Bushnell and myself attracted no attention. It was easy for him to place it at odds of two, three, and five to one.

The gong! Fourteenth round. Corbett led and was blocked. He followed with a left at Fitzsimmons' head. Fitzsimmons swung on Corbett's neck and Jim gave ground. Bob stabbed him with a left and a right. Corbett became wild and missed with both hands.

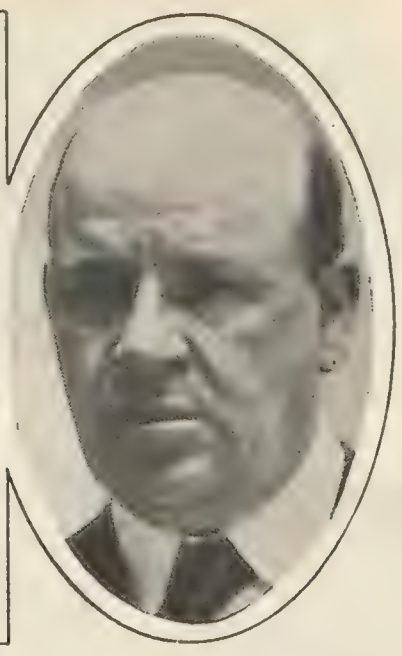
The most accurate description of this fourteenth round came from the lips of Fitzsimmons in the form of dictation. I quote it herewith as follows:

Dan Hickey, one of Fitzsimmons' sparring partners.



From the Albert Davis Collection

Jim Jeffries, as he looked while serving in the Corbett camp.



© Paul Thompson

Charley White, who helped train Corbett for the fight.

When the opportunity came in the beginning of the fourteenth round Corbett was fighting a little wild, and made a swing which I sidestepped. In a flash I saw a clean opening on his stomach and came in with the left-hand shift on his wind, and then, without changing position of my feet, shot the same hand against his jaw, thus giving him the identical finish which I administered to Sharkey in San Francisco. I was sure I had done the trick, and although he made a hard struggle to get back on his feet, he was counted out by the referee and lost the championship.

Three score and ten correspondents of the ringside have packed that round with the description of the one great punch: *the left shift to the pit of the stomach.* Corbett appeared to be standing still, but such was the speed and violence of the blow that Fitzsimmons' left arm seemed to disappear into Corbett's midst almost to the elbow.

The late Dr. John W. Girdner, upon reading the dispatches describing the blow, announced that Corbett had been struck in the "solar plexus." This was the birthday of a new blow felt 'round the world.

As soon as Siler counted Corbett out and tapped Fitzsimmons as victor, pandemonium broke loose at the ringside. Instantly the squared circle was filled with seconds, backers, trainers, advisers, officers of the law, and souvenir-seekers. Fitzsimmons stepped back to his corner, leaned down over the ropes and kissed his wife thrice full upon the mouth, leaving a little group of red stains upon her trembling lips.

International Photo

Billy Delaney, peacemaker in a quarrel between Fitz and Corbett.

Paul Thompson Photo

William Muldoon, who found Fitz practically unmarked after the fight.

Senator John J. Ingalls of Kansas, stunned to silence, rose from his seat, inserted his right hand between the folds of his frock coat and surveyed the battle ground in the manner of Daniel Webster confronting the Senate just before his reply to Hayne. Above the melee rose the voice of William A. Brady inveighing against something the nature of which nobody could quite understand. Corbett was assisted to his feet, dazed and helpless. All powers of resistance had left him. Presently, however, he recovered with great effort and demanded the privilege of confronting his conqueror.

The confusion was so great that in order to prevent myself from being separated from Fitzsimmons I grabbed a towel hanging on the ropes and tied my right arm to Bob's left, requesting Jack Stelzner to make a double knot as a guarantee of permanency. He made a good job of it and almost stopped the circulation of my blood.

This Siamese twin of press and pugilism was surrounded by twenty people, half of whom had no right in the ring. Suddenly the group separated and Corbett appeared on Fitzsimmons' right.

"You've got to fight me again!" he shouted. "I'm entitled to another chance!"

Fitzsimmons then offered his hand, which Corbett accepted without for one second stemming his clamor for a return match.

"I am through with the ring," said Fitz.

"If you don't fight me," said Jim, "I'll lick you every time I meet you on the street!"

Fitzsimmons replied very earnestly, "If you ever lay a hand on me outside the prize ring, I'll kill you."

CORBETT set himself for a sock with his right hand. Fitz, forgetting that he was leashed to literature, pivoted his whole body and started a wallop at Corbett with his left. Any schoolboy, knowing the theory of the fulcrum, must understand that it is a difficult matter to swing a two-hundred-pound man very far under those conditions. Even so, my feet were lifted off the flooring.

Both men were immediately separated and escorted to their respective dressing rooms. Mrs. Fitzsimmons followed, and a truly sentimental scene was enacted. Rose wept a little, which started a flood of tears from the eyes of the champion, whereupon the wife and mother reprimanded Robert for his display and commanded him to cease weeping immediately.

William Muldoon, now chairman of the New York Boxing Commission, came to Bob's dressing room and went with us to the Nevada State Penitentiary, which was on the way to the training quarters. Here Bob stripped and took a bath in the hot mineral springs. Muldoon made a careful examination of the new champion's body. Aside from the split lip, which antedated the fight by two weeks, and a red spot over his left kidney, where he had taken a few punches, there was no evidence that he had been in a prize ring.

Muldoon was amazed at Bob's physical condition. That afternoon within two hours of the fight, on the prison scales, Bob weighed one

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Building for America's growth

The early builders of America made their houses of rough hewn logs or of stone or adobe lifted from the earth. Settlements grew to towns, towns to cities. Small stores and shops were built, and these in turn were torn down to make room for bigger ones. Roads, bridges and railways were constructed. Factories and skyscrapers were erected. And so, swiftly, the America of today appeared, still growing.

In the midst of the development came the telephone. No one can tell how much of the marvelous later growth is due to it—how much it has helped the cities, farms and industries to build. We do know that the telephone became a part of the whole of American life and that it not only grew with the country, but contributed to the country's growth.

Communication by telephone has now become so important that every American activity not only places dependence upon the telephone service of today, but demands even greater service for the growth of tomorrow.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

hundred and fifty-seven pounds, plus. I remarked at the time:

"I outclass you fifty pounds," my weight then being two hundred and seven.

"And I am *still* a middleweight," said he.

About 3:30 we assembled at the Cook farm and received the public. Dr. S. L. Lee, who is still living in Carson, Nevada, came down to the camp and, without an anesthetic, took two stitches in Bob's lower lip.

The Chinese cook spread himself for dinner, which concluded with a large platter of pork chops for dessert. At that banquet all restraint was cast to the winds and diet thrown into the discard. When the repast was over, every man present, including the new champion, was in the heavyweight class.

So much for Nevada and the seventeenth of March, 1897. The next day, as we drove down the main street on the way to the depot, Fitzsimmons told me that his net profit out of the entire affair was fifteen thousand eight hundred dollars. Page Mr. Dempsey, Mr. Firpo, Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Leonard, and others whose "bit" from a single fight twenty-five years afterward ranged from one hundred thousand to half a million.

In the third installment of this series, to appear in next week's issue, Mr. Davis will tell of Fitzsimmons' triumphal tour across the continent, his reception in New York, his home life, together with many other incidents, his dethronement as champion by Jim Jeffries, and the chief events of his subsequent career.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Another Baby

Louise was an only child and she loved babies. One night her father missed his shaving mirror. A search revealed that Louise had taken it to bed with her. As her father started taking it away Louise stirred in her sleep, awoke, and cried: "Oh, daddy, please!"

"Why do you want the mirror in bed, Louise?"

"Oh, you see, daddy, when I wake up in the night I think it is another little baby sleeping with me."—M. E. L., Evansville, Ind.

* * *

Not That Kind of Bill!

Mother was called out, leaving her daughter, Mary, in charge of the house. On her return she asked:

"Mary, was there a man here with a bill?"

Mary said: "No, mother, he had a nose like the rest of us."—L. M. L., St. Louis, Mo.

Boys

get anything you need — *money* — *prizes*

Every boy will grasp at this wonderful chance to make his own spending money. Thousands of other boys are already earning a steady weekly income selling Liberty Magazine. It's easy. No long hours or hard work. Simply sell to friends, neighbors and customers in your own neighborhood. No money, no experience needed. Many boys have also gotten radios, bicycles, musical instruments, sporting goods and other wonderful prizes Free, besides their regular income every week. Why not join the happy Liberty Boys and be independent? We will show you how, supply you with magazines, carrier bag and full instructions on how to make money the very first day. Join at once—be a money-maker.

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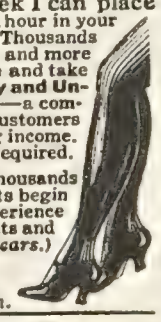

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"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Phone for the DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 752, 10 S. 18th St., Phila.

Makes Pumping Up Tires Unnecessary

M. P. Hughes of 2514 Monroe, Chicago, Ill., has perfected a new air-tight valve cap that enables auto owners to pump up their tires once and never touch them again until punctured or worn out. Leading tire manufacturers, after thorough tests, have approved Mr. Hughes' invention and banished the old theory that air escapes thru rubber. One inflation lasts the life of a tire, and tire mileage is doubled. These caps retail for $1.25 for set of five. The inventor wants agents and will send proof and samples Free. Write him today.

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In every county of every state to earn over $100.00 weekly on liberal cash commission basis representing nationally known line of personal and business Christmas Greeting Cards. Send refs. with application to Dept. L.

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every week in

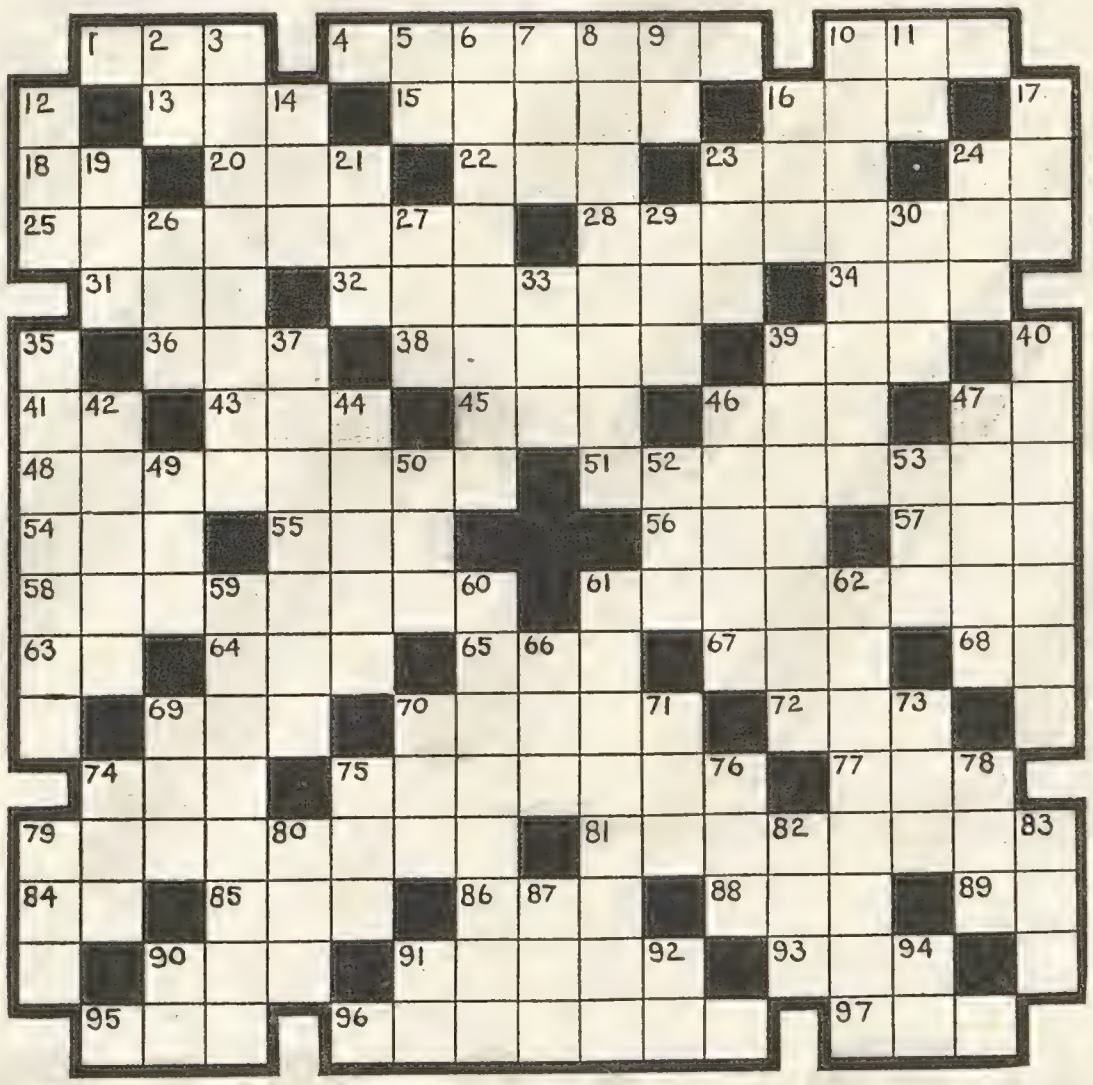
5¢ Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

AT ALL NEWSDEALERS

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle
No. 37

THE Prince of Wales ought to be able to do all cross-word puzzles backward if he has traveled extensively in his so-called native state. The Welsh name their cities any old hodge-podge of letters, the more consonants the merrier. How do you like Merthyr-Tydfil and Aberystwyth and Pwllheli? Do we hear wails arising? No need to worry. Though we were sorely tempted we haven't put a single Welsh word in this puzzle. It should be very easy to solve.

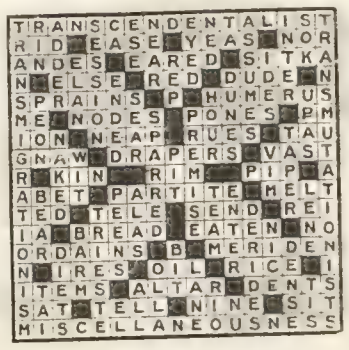


HORIZONTAL

1 A drinking vessel
4 The passing to and fro of persons or vehicles
10 The foot of a quadruped
13 Compensation
15 Melodies
16 A substance secreted by bees
18 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
20 A color
22 To rot or injure by exposure
23 Dish or vessel for domestic use
24 A sloth
25 Tending to wear away by friction
28 Drying and browning by the heat of a fire
31 Twice (musical term)
32 Sent wrongly
34 A measure of length
36 The hard stone of a fruit
38 Make amends
39 A metal
41 Fifth month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
43 It is (contraction)
45 To observe narrowly
46 A pronoun
47 A river in Italy
48 Became more compassionate
51 Abominated
54 Duration of existence
55 Moisture condensed upon the surface of cool bodies
56 A long, narrow inlet
57 Female of the red deer
58 Collected
61 Has connection with or dependence on something
63 Above and in contact with
64 Predatory bird
65 A girl's name
67 Collection of articles which belong together
68 Holy personage (abbr.)
69 Owns
70 Those things which deprive of good
72 A gypsy
74 Above normal temperature
75 An experimenter in aviation
77 An implement for cleaning
79 Suspended
81 Worthy to be chosen or selected
84 Exist
85 Effected
86 To mistake in judgment or opinion
88 Twitching
89 Pronoun (ancient form)
90 Priestly garment
91 Race; strain
93 Pester
95 One indifferently out of a number
96 Moreover
97 Having small elevation

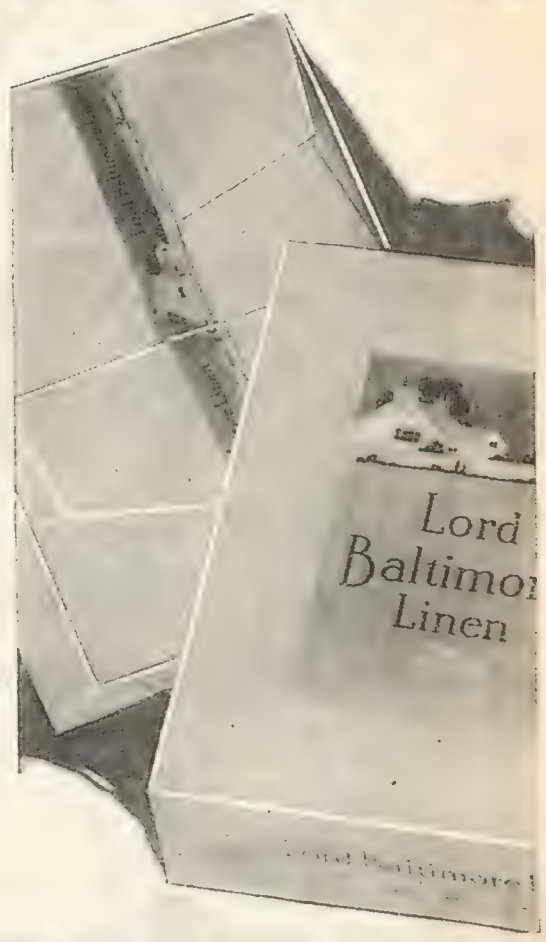
VERTICAL

2 Above
3 Sycophant
5 The son of Nut (Egyptian rel.)
6 Detained
7 Exclamation denoting disgust
8 Grew fleshy
9 Existent
10 Larders
11 Chopping tool
12 Anglo-Saxon money of account
14 Yea
16 A form of "to be"
17 A head covering
19 Wane
21 Indistinct
23 Exactly suitable
24 Also
26 Tear
27 By the way of
29 A single person or thing
30 An electrified particle
33 A Chinese and Japanese liquid sauce
35 A type of perfection
37 Material used for kindling (plural)
39 A place for dramatic performances
40 Shyness
42 Instituted
44 Severe
46 Agitates
47 Common laborers of any kind
49 Allow
50 Sheep
52 Prior
53 Prefix; three
59 In an excited or inflamed manner
60 Compasses
61 Equivocated
62 Pertaining to minute particles
66 Prefix denoting "across"
69 To move by short brisk leaps or springs
70 The day before any important day
71 A syllable applied in solmization
73 Disorderly assemblage
74 The sewed bottom of a dress
75 To sum
76 Musical abbreviation; to slacken time
78 To be in steady action
79 A period of time
80 The point of a pen
82 Alcoholic beverage
83 Fish
87 A Brazilian money of account
90 One or any
91 Partake of existence
92 Prefix with the general sense of down
94 Move onward



Answer to Puzzle No. 36

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE



TONE, good taste and character are revealed in your writing paper as well as in your letter. LORD BALTIMORE STATIONERY is a fine, heavy, linen-finished paper whose every detail expresses quality.

Yet LORD BALTIMORE STATIONERY is surprisingly moderate in price, because the Rexall Stores, for which it is made, operate their own stationery factories.

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to match. Satin-lined
Gift Case de luxe included
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Parker "Big Brother" Duofold Pencil [Over-size] $4

Lady Duofold, $5 Ribbon $1 extra

Parker Duofold Jr. [Intermediate size] $5

Parker Duofold Sr. [Over-size] $7

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In Conventional Black

Every Pen with 25-Year Guaranteed Point

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It can be "characterful," interesting, charming. It can express your personality as no other thing. And you do not need to be a skilled penman to write an expressive hand.

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A point that's ground to write the style your hand requires—Extra Fine, Fine, Medium, Broad, Stub, and now the new *Oblique*.

An unchangeable point that no style of writing can distort. A point guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years' wear—*even the Extra Fine!*

A balanced grip that cannot cramp because it fits your hand, steadies your swing, and keeps to its course.

Money cannot buy higher excellence in a writing instrument at $5 or $7.

Anything less cannot do you justice when people form their impressions of you from your hand-writing.

Choose Your Point

Any Parker Pen in Any One of the Six Writing Degrees

Extra fine
Fine
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Stub
Oblique

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U.S. Pat. Office

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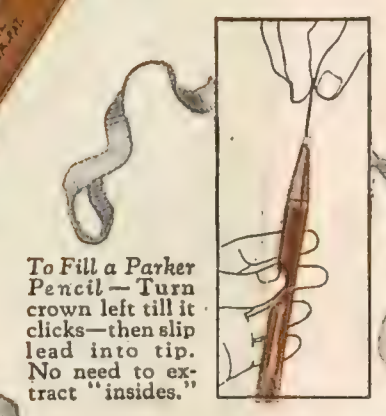

To Fill a Parker Pencil—Turn crown left till it clicks—then slip lead into tip. No need to extract "insides."

and His Whole Family

In Black-tipped Lacquer-red

A Duofold Pencil to Match Every Pen

Over-size Duofold, Duofold Jr. and Slender Lady Duofold

Do you know there are three distinct sizes in Parker Duofold Pens and three corresponding sizes in Parker Duofold Pencils to match?

All six are dressed in the conventional black, as well as in black-tipped lacquer-red—the Duofold color that's handsome to own and hard to mislay.

Choose your Size, choose your Color, choose your Point—sacrifice nothing yet own a pair of writing instruments whose very excellence inspires work—stimulates impulse—gives you that writing urge.

It is easy enough to verify these facts—people all about are using Parker Duofolds daily. Ask them. Or see the Parker Duofolds at any nearby pen counter—you will be welcomed.

And notice especially: The full-hand Grips that abolish finger cramp, as men found out from the Over-size Duofold Pen with its extra-ink capacity. Parker originated this improvement in Pencils, too.

No pen or pencil is a DUOFOLD unless it bears this imprint—"Geo. S. Parker." Look for it carefully.

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Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

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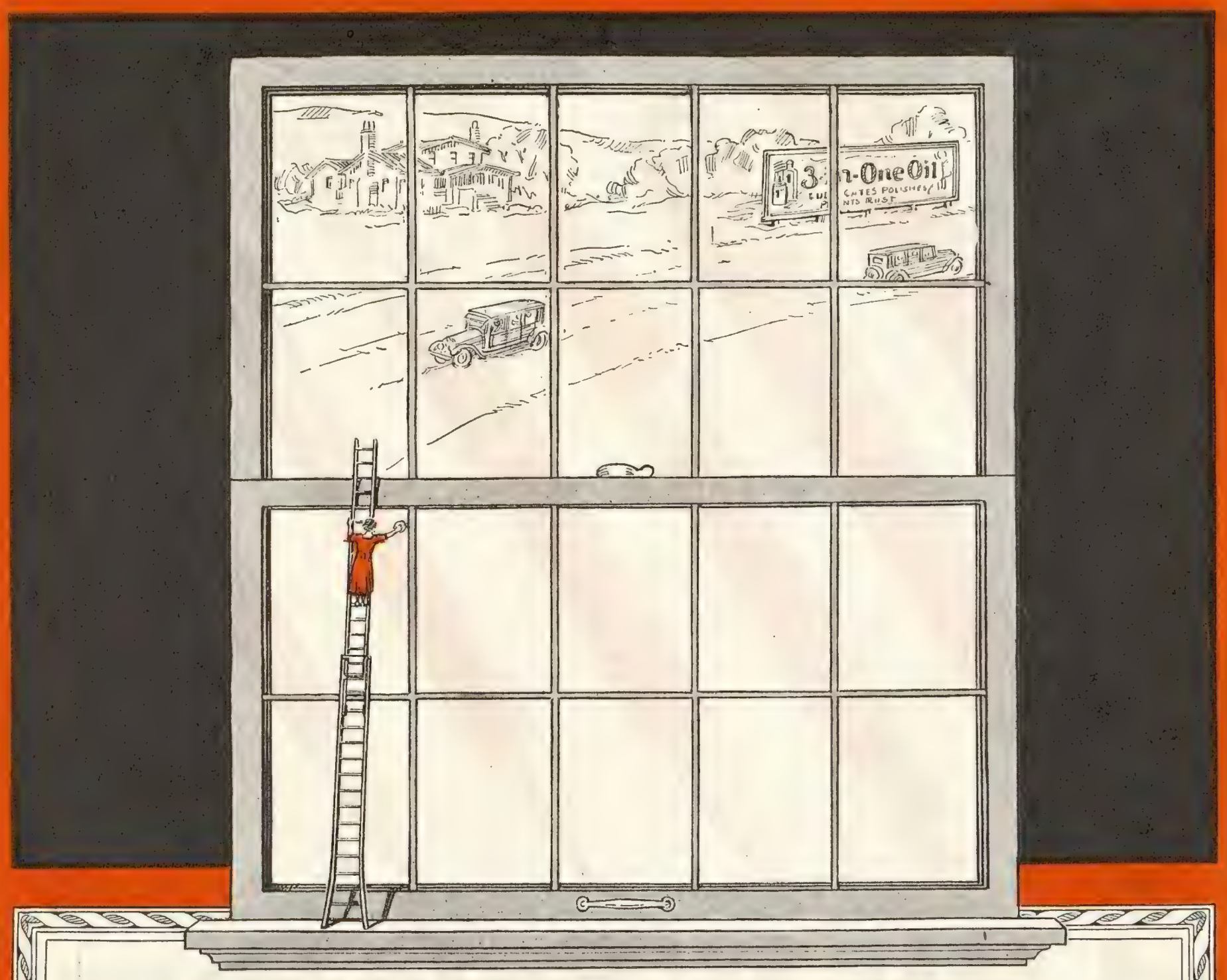

A Window 60 x 65 Feet

Think of washing a window over three times as large as the entire front of an ordinary three-story house! Yet that is what every woman, living in an average size house, has to do, even if she washes her windows only 10 times in a year.*

Why not make that big job as easy as possible with the new, revolutionary method, using

3-in-One

The High Quality Household Oil

This wonderful new way to wash windows was discovered by a woman who used 3-in-One regularly for many other purposes. Out of curiosity, she decided to try it for washing windows. She knew it wouldn't do to rub oil directly onto the glass, so she poured a little in the wash water—and right there, window washing was revolutionized!

When this smart housewife dipped her cloth in the water, some of the 3-in-One clung to it. Wringing the cloth almost dry she rubbed it over the glass—and off came all the dirt and fly specks, clean as a whistle!

Polishing with a dry cloth produced a sparkling cleanliness that eclipsed all her previous results, with no dry powder along the edges and on the wood.

When costs were compared, it was found that the 3-in-One way cost only 1-10th as much as when using the best other products, made especially for cleaning glass.

Try this woman's discovery for yourself, on windows, mirrors, cut glass and ordinary glassware, glass desk tops, store show cases, glass partitions and porcelain table tops. You'll be surprised.

3-in-One is sold at good stores everywhere, in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The ½-pint bottle is most economical because it gives you more 3-in-One for your money.

FREE— Sample and new special circular, "79 Uses In The Home." Use the coupon or make your request on a postal.

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Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal

*This estimate is based on a house having 26 windows averaging 15 sq. ft. per window.

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Please send sample of 3-in-One Oil and Special Circular, "79 Uses in the Home" to

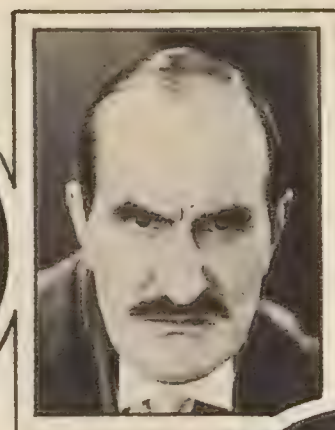
Name _____

Street Address or R. R. _____

City _____ State _____

A Page of Movie Reviews by Alva Taylor

Edward Everett Horton and Florence Vidor in *Marry Me.*



Ernest Torrence in *Night Life of New York.*

Rod La Rocque in *Night Life of New York.*

Zasu Pitts and Tom Moore in *Pretty Ladies.*

Dorothy Gish as Meg, the telephone operator, in *Night Life of New York.*

MARRY ME

From the play "The Nest Egg" by Anne Caldwell

Directed by James Cruze — Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Hetty Gandy ..... *Florence Vidor*
John Smith No. 2 .... *Edward Everett Horton*
John Smith No. 1 ..... *John Roche*
Sarah Hume ..... *Helen Jerome Eddy*
Norman Frisbie ..... *Ed Brady*
Jenkins ..... *Z. Wall Covington*
Mrs. Hume ..... *Anna Schaefer*
Jackson ..... *Erwin Connelly*

MARRY ME is a sparkling comedy with refreshingly novel material for its plot. It has also a clever couple, Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton, to do full justice to the amusing situations. Everything centers about an egg—just an ordinary egg, the kind you eat for breakfast. But this one had a date written on it, and a message, and thereby hangs the tale.

Hetty Gandy, school teacher, had a vacation romance one summer. Requested by her John Smith Romeo to name the wedding day, Hetty was coy, and fleeing upstairs to her boarding house room, said that she would name the day on the morrow.

Word that her aunt was seriously ill made it necessary for Hetty to go home early the next morning, long before her suitor was up. Hetty wrote a date on an egg which she took out of a crate of eggs the farmer was shipping away. The date was one in the near future. Hetty wrote John Smith's name on the egg and signed her own, and her address.

But before John Smith got the egg, the farmer found it and put it back in the crate. Hetty waited several years in her rural home for John Smith to turn up and marry her. When she had about given up hope, a telegram came from John Smith saying that he would arrive on such and such a day, and would Hetty please be ready to leave at once with him for the city.

When John Smith arrived he wasn't exactly the John Smith Hetty's heart was palpitatingly expecting. This John Smith didn't want a wife. He wanted a witness in order to get evidence against some cold-storage egg dealers. Cold-storage eggs had ruined John Smith's none too rugged constitution.

However, even out of this unromantic beginning romance springs, and Hetty Gandy is finally married.

The story is filmed from the successful play, The Nest Egg. It abounds with the homely situations which are close to the lives of most of us who have to struggle for existence.

Marry Me is a well directed and most entertaining picture, one that will send you away from the theater satisfied.

NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK

Story by Edgar Selwyn

Directed by Allan Dwan — Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Ronald Bentley ..... *Rod La Rocque*
John Bentley ..... *Ernest Torrence*
Meg ..... *Dorothy Gish*
Carrie Reed ..... *Helen Lee Worthing*
Jimmy ..... *George Hackathorne*
Jerry ..... *Arthur Housman*

NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK is a personally conducted tour through the nocturnal playgrounds of those inhabitants of the city who have only begun their evening when the average citizen is at his dreams, and who go home to their own dreaming about the time the milkman has finished his rounds. To movie fans who do not know New York, or to those New Yorkers who are not acquainted with this aspect of the city in which they live, the picture will doubtless be a fascinating open page of the big city's night life. They will see the inside of the night clubs where the exclusive set whiles away the hours from midnight to morning.

The picture has more than a mere sight-seeing interest. It has an entertaining story, cleverly acted and directed.

Rod La Rocque is Ronald Bentley, an irrepressible, exuberant young man, who lives in Clay City, Iowa, and has an intense desire to go to New York, but no desire at all to settle down to work in his father's factory. His father, Ernest Torrence, once had his heart broken in New York, and consequently, having no use for that city, holds it as the last place which he wishes his son to visit.

But his New York manager suggests that if young Bentley goes to New York and is provided with enough trouble so that he will get into jail with no father handy to bail him out, he will not be so keen about remaining in the city of his dreams.

Miss Reed of the Follies (Helen Lee Worthing) is engaged to assist in the carrying out of this little scheme. But young Bentley doesn't need her services to get himself into jail. He has a set of adventures which include the buying of a taxicab in the small hours of the morning and getting involved in a robbery.

Dorothy Gish charms as usual. She is Meg, the hotel telephone operator, who is the cure for Bentley's desire to live in New York. Meg has a desire to live somewhere in Iowa.

PRETTY LADIES

Adapted from the story by Adele Rogers St. John

Directed by Monta Bell — Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

Maggie Keenan ..... *Zasu Pitts*
Al Cassidy ..... *Tom Moore*
Ann Pennington ..... *Ann Pennington*
Selma Larson ..... *Lilyan Tashman*
Aaron Savage ..... *Bernard Randall*
Adrienne ..... *Helen D'Algey*
Maggie's Dream Lover ..... *Conrad Nagel*
Frances White ..... *Norma Shearer*

PRETTY LADIES gives to the uninitiated an intimate idea of the inside workings of the New York Follies, in the same way that Night Life in New York (reviewed on this page) introduces the night clubs to the movie-goer. Pretty Ladies mixes with its interesting facts some equally interesting fiction, making entirely satisfactory entertainment for audiences in New York or any other place.

To Zasu Pitts goes plenty of credit for the virtue of this picture. This unusually clever movie actress, in whatever role she finds herself, manages to come through with bunches of laurels. This movie fan will go to see her, any day, and take a chance on the picture without knowing anything about it except that Zasu Pitts is in it.

In Pretty Ladies she is Maggie Keenan, clown star of the Follies, heart-hungry for romance, though materially successful. The only man who meets her at the stage door each evening is her chauffeur. Each night she eats her lonely supper with only a dream lover as her companion. For the men call her "salt of the earth" and a "good sport," and all that, but confine their love-making to the pretty girls of the show.

Then one day romance comes to Maggie by way of the orchestra drum. Al Cassidy, drummer, who writes songs on the side, wrote the Housefly Blues. Maggie put it over big in the show. She and Al were married. Maggie retired from the show to be a happy wife and mother. Her husband made a big success as a song writer, but it was all due to Maggie, through the start she gave him with the Housefly Blues.

Success went a little to Al Cassidy's head. He lost his balance once in Atlantic City, where he had gone on business. But although Maggie heard about the other woman she never let Al know. Her apparent faith in him cured him better than reproaches. Only in her prayers did she say, "Please, God, don't let it happen again."

Pretty Ladies, with its cast of stars and beauties, is worth-while entertainment.

NEXT WEEK: *The Street of Forgotten Men*, by Paramount; *Lightnin'*, produced by Fox; and *Rugged Water*, by Paramount.

He-Men and Their She-Women

Captions by
Alva Taylor

THE happy-go-lucky western kid has never had a better exponent than Hoot Gibson (right), who rides and fights his way through Universal's westerns. The chubby, likable player will soon be seen in The Calgary Stampede.
Freulich Photo.

NOSSIR, no villain's goin' to harm a hair on the handsome head of Trilby Clark as long as Harry Carey is around. Trilby supports that ever-popular cowpuncher in Silent Sanderson, right to the bitter end.
Edwin Bower Hesser Photo.

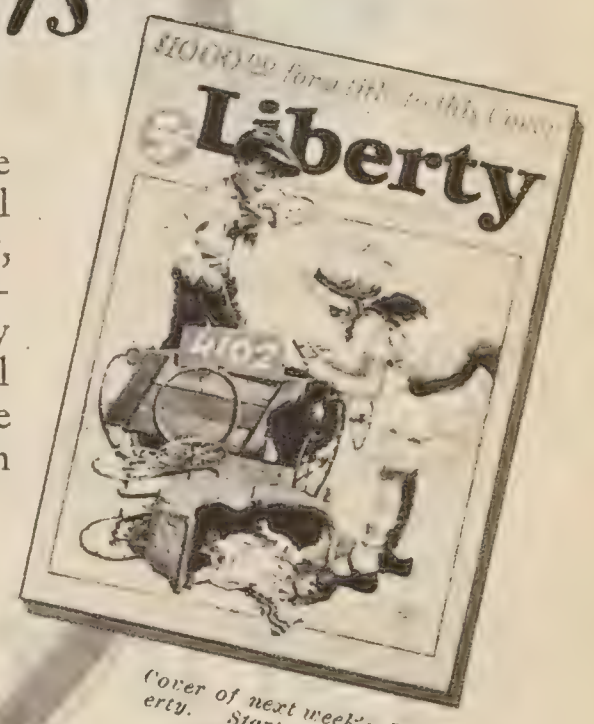
REAL he-men don't feel at home unless they're fighting to protect some little gal, and Virginia Browne Faire will lend incentive to Hoot Gibson in The Calgary Stampede.
Edwin Bower Hesser Photo.

ONE of the real old-time cowboys of the screen, Harry Carey, still enchants the young with his portrayals. His latest was Silent Sanderson.
Melbourne-Spurr Photo.

LIBERTY *is* PAYING

$1000 *Each Week!*

for Titles to Liberty Covers



Cover of next week's Liberty. Start selecting a title for it now!

EXTRA! EXTRA! Keen observers wanted to solve the riddle of the triangle on the cover of this number. All the well-known emotions are registered by the young lady, the cat, and the dog pictured this week. Love, jealousy, fear, mischief—all are there in goodly proportion. In fact, if you'll study the picture a moment you may gather in an idea or two that will win one of the eight big cash prizes which go to the winning title writers this week. The coupon below may be your key to the cash box, so send it in.

IF YOU haven't won in this exciting contest you can try again, because each week's cover is a separate contest. Eight cash prizes, totaling one thousand dollars, must be won this week! Everybody, except employees of Liberty and their families, is eligible to compete.

Your Idea May Be the Best—

Let's Go!

Here are the Prize Winners of the Cover Contest for August 1st:

The August 1 cover for which the titles were written.

FIRST PRIZE—$500

Shrinking and Likely to Run.
Dorothy K. Lister, 416½ Bomar Avenue, No. 5, Houston, Texas.

SECOND PRIZE—$250

Even the Rain Fell for Her.
Grace J. Linehan, 1824 Park Avenue, Apt. 23, Minneapolis, Minn.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

Her Game Called on Account of Rain.
Irving Swartz, 724 Harrison Street, Syracuse, New York.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

Caught with the Goods On.
Paul V. Dunkelberger, 342 Crescent Street, Harrisburg, Penna.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

A Cloud Passes Over the Little Dipper.
A. Korbs, 213 Rapin Place, Buffalo, New York.

SIXTH PRIZE—$25

An Abbreviated Treat.
J. M. Kirkley, care James Dunne Railway News Co., C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

SEVENTH PRIZE—$25

Little Raindrops Coming Down to See (Sea).
Betty Zentner, Ann Arbor, Michigan

EIGHTH PRIZE—$25

Her Waterloo.
Jackson S. Danzig, 107 East Water Street, Elmira, New York.

HERE ARE THE RULES:

1. Each week Liberty is printing on its cover a picture without a name. (See cover of this issue.) Each picture will be by a celebrated artist and will tell a story. The public is invited to suggest titles for these cover pictures. Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash each week for the best answers.

2. Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$ 500.00
2nd Prize	250.00
3rd Prize	100.00
4th Prize	50.00
5th to 8th Prizes—($25 each)	100.00
TOTAL	$1,000.00

3. This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. Each entry must contain the following:
   (a) A title suggestion in ten words or less.
   (b) A statement in not more than 100 words telling why you like (or do not like) the cover picture.

5. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish. Use the accompanying coupon or a separate sheet of paper.

6. All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois, and must be in this office by midnight of September 12. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in Liberty as soon thereafter as possible

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8. Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty and their decision will be final. If more than one contestant submits the same title suggestion and the reasons for liking or disliking the cover if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

Your cover title may be the best. Use the coupon today!

$1,000 More Next Week

"$1.00 a Word for 100 Words"

Winner of Ballot No. 8

Mary C. Alloway, 732 South St. Louis Street, Los Angeles, California, has been awarded the $100 prize in connection with Ballot No. 8, published August 1. The winning letter reads:

I FIND a fascination in reading stories of the **Early West;** my imagination leads me down the long trail of civilization where the East meets the West. In fancy I picture the pioneers as they blazed the trail through almost impossible barriers. It thrills me when I think of their undaunted courage as they faced privations, hardships, and dangers of every conceivable kind. I like stories of the Early West because they encourage us to ever press forward toward the goal of success, and to never acknowledge defeat in a worthy purpose.

Next Week: Winner of Ballot No. 9

COUPON *for* COVER TITLE CONTEST

"COVERS," No. 14

Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

My suggestion for a title for the Liberty cover of September 5 is:.....

.....

WRITE YOUR TITLE HERE

[On another sheet of paper write not more than 100 words telling why you like (or do not like) this cover. Attach to this coupon and mail it.]

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Checking Up the Bootlegger's Income

How Uncle Sam, Often with the Aid of "Squealers," Collects From His New Class of Millionaires

By FRED F. SULLY

Picture by J. NORMAN LYND

THAT old adage about there being no honor among thieves is being modernized to "There is no honesty among bootleggers," yet a notorious ex-convict the other day surprised the authorities with the statement that he was going straight and was making an honest living bootlegging! It would seem, then, that with some persons the question as to whether one can engage in an unlawful business and still be honest is entirely a matter of viewpoint.

The bootlegger who buys his supply through a syndicate and sells to his own list of customers does not for a moment look upon himself as being dishonest. Those who make up his circle of friends undoubtedly consider him above moral reproach, lacking, as they probably do, a desire to aid in the enforcement of a law that may be in contravention to their own personal tastes.

In the final analysis, then, the only honest bootlegger is one who has met all his obligations, including those to the government, and last but not least of these obligations is his income tax. The bootlegger who has safely delivered his stock, and who has been paid in cold cash, which he has either deposited in the bank or invested in securities or real estate to take care of the inevitable rainy day, has by no means crossed the River of Doubt. He has found that Uncle Sam is warring with a double-edged sword—on one side the prohibition officials and on the other the income tax investigators.

Men who have amassed vast fortunes as members of rum syndicates have, for the most part, forgot that Uncle Sam is still their silent partner, even though their enterprises have been carried on in defiance of his laws.

Unless well advised by persons familiar with the income tax law, the bootlegger does not know that he can declare all his bootleg profits as such and be immune from any prosecution for illegal liquor sales by the government based on statements embodied in an income tax return. He can still make a clean breast of his business return if his income is being investigated by disclosing his profits to the revenue agent.

Admissions made by bootlegging taxpayers to income tax agents and inspectors cannot be used as the basis of prosecution for violation of the Volstead Act, nor will they be accepted as evidence in court, unless the bootlegger has been warned that any statements he makes will be used against him. The fact that he has declared his profits does not in any sense make him immune from such criminal prosecution, but all evidence must be from other sources.

Likewise, if a bootlegger fails to make an income tax return, and his tax liability, together with the source of his income, is later discovered, any books or records he may have cannot be used or subpœnaed to prosecute him for violations of the liquor law. Neither can the examining officer offer as evidence in court any statements made to him by the defendant, unless warning had been given that anything he said would be used as evidence against him, although information obtained elsewhere in income tax investigations may be used as the basis for prosecution for violation of the Volstead Act.

Records of the income tax unit of the Internal Revenue Bureau are not open to prohibition agents or those of any other department, yet the files of the prohibition department may be consulted at any time by internal revenue agents.

Members of the prohibition unit cannot get any information from the income tax unit relative to income tax returns except the amount of tax paid, which is available to anyone.

The bootlegger has been found to be as ingenious in his attempts to conceal income as he has been in his efforts to thwart the prohibition laws. The government has been equally alert to the situation and its possibilities, and has, on the whole, found it an easier matter to fix the income tax liability of the bootlegger than it has, perhaps, to catch him red-handed violating the law where concrete evidence is fleeting, transitory, and may be easily destroyed.

Profiting by its experience from year to year, and continually adjusting and turning its

SPOTTING the bootlegger is not the difficult task it may seem. Disgruntled former employees, and those who have been double-crossed in whisky deals, provide information.

machinery to an equitable administration of the income tax laws, the Internal Revenue Bureau has today developed a system of checking up on bootleggers for income tax liability that has few loopholes.

Close co-operation among prohibition officials, revenue agents assigned to income tax investigations in the field, and members of the intelligence unit has resulted in effective and accurate determination of the income tax liability of those who have been active in the rum trade.

NINETY-FIVE per cent of the fraud cases brought to the attention of the income tax unit in Washington have involved bootleggers. Assessments and fines aggregating many millions of dollars are levied against them and collected every year. Weeding out this sort of taxpayer has been found profitable, and the Internal Revenue Bureau, like any other institution conducted for profit, naturally concentrates its energies where they will count most. If it is believed that one case may produce five thousand dollars in tax and another fifty thousand dollars, agents are obviously assigned to the case with the better financial prospects.

Lists of those who hold permits to withdraw liquor and alcohol are to be found in the office of every State prohibition director. Frequent inspections of these lists by internal revenue agents reveal valuable information as to who has been most active in the liquor business, and the prohibition officials themselves, finding evidence of diversion of whisky and alcohol, readily supply the income tax agents with figures and facts and the identity of the individuals or companies involved in bootlegging deals. This generally forms the basis of income tax investigations.

Government records show that distillers and those holding permits to withdraw pure grain and even denatured alcohol from bond have been the most common violators of the prohibition laws. The incentive is great. Ordinarily alcohol might sell for five dollars a gallon, but when diverted into bootlegging channels it brings from fifteen to twenty dollars. "Wildcat" breweries, some of which still exist, can sell beer that formerly sold for five or seven dollars a barrel for from twenty-five to thirty dollars.

Distributing deposits among several banks has never been of material help in concealing income. There is generally an exchange of checks among the banks. Bookkeepers in brokers' offices, or wherever else the delinquent taxpayer has been a frequent purchaser, can supply valuable information. Not only is the income from bootlegging ascertained in this way, but additional unreported income from stocks and bonds is also found.

The desire to keep their money working has been the undoing of many clever bootleggers. Stocks and bonds and real estate seem to make the strongest appeals as forms of investments. The thorough income tax agent after learning the names of other members of the taxpayer's family consults the real estate records in the city or county buildings.

Under the alphabetical arrangement of grantees' names he may find that of the bootlegger or his wife. The deed book will show the property purchased. Revenue stamps on both the deed and the mortgage, if one was created, will indicate the consideration, and he will be asked to show the source of the funds used in the purchase. He will say that they represent "the savings of a lifetime," but finds it difficult to explain where the money was being kept or why he did not account for the interest it had earned.

Working along the same lines, the revenue agent finds records of properties having been sold and substantial profits realized. These profits, together with the rents received from these properties while they were owned by the taxpayer, have, as a rule, been overlooked in the preparation of income tax returns.

The arrest and conviction on a prohibition violation charge of a chronic bootlegger, who may have accumulated a fortune in the rum trade, means far less financially to the government than determining and collecting the actual income tax, together with the interest and penalties that may be found to be due.

A case worked out by the intelligence unit in New York a short time ago revealed that a former longshoreman had been making from thirty thousand to fifty thousand dollars a day for a period of several months by dealing in forged permits. He and his associates were held in bail aggregating a quarter of a million dollars, which he readily furnished in cash. Besides being found guilty and receiving a jail sentence he was sentenced to pay a fine of sixty thousand dollars. His income tax liability was found to be in excess of five hundred thousand dollars, which he was also able to pay in cash.

RECENTLY a New York lawyer was sentenced to five years imprisonment and fined $10,000 for taxdodging, the government contending that the tax claimed was due on income derived from bootleg profits.

Spotting the bootlegger is not the difficult task it may seem. Disgruntled former employees, and those who have been double-crossed in whisky deals, together with the reports of prohibition agents, provide the income tax unit with sufficient information to keep a large corps of men constantly engaged determining profits that have been made in the liquor trade.

In addition there is the incentive of reward for persons who assist government agents to uncover the doings of taxdodgers. The law provides that an informer shall not receive more than ten per cent of taxes collected as the result of information furnished the government in connection with persons who have evaded their income taxes. Incidentally, no employee of the Internal Revenue Bureau receives any compensation in addition to his salary for the collecting of additional income taxes, or any other kind of tax. The law is very specific about this.

Not so very long ago a woman newspaper writer in New York obtained material for an article for her paper based on the activity of several New Yorkers who were defrauding the government of income tax. She turned her data over to the Internal Revenue Bureau, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

One Dollar

In the Gold Gift Box

Designed for men who want distinction in everything they wear. Other Bostons, 25c up. In wide web, narrow web, single or double grip.

George Frost Company, Boston, Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family

Boston Garter

How did your garters look this morning?

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

several million dollars in tax was collected. She later filed a claim for reward, and received a fortune from the government for the data she had furnished.

As a matter of fact, a person having knowledge of another's financial affairs can be compelled to provide the government with such information. By refusing to do so such person may make himself or herself liable to the charge of being a party to a conspiracy to defraud the United States.

At the beginning of an income tax investigation the crafty bootlegger generally assumes an attitude of pretended innocence or of defiance. As evidence of fraud is gradually and surely assembled and a good case is being built up, the bootlegger's first evidence of weakening is generally an attempt to bribe the agent.

A short time ago two intelligence agents in New York had conclusive evidence of income tax due of several hundred thousand dollars. The bootlegger thrust twenty-five thousand dollars in the coat pocket of each agent and nonchalantly told each to report back that he couldn't find anything.

A REVENUE agent cannot be a lukewarm or vacillating public servant. The temptations are numerous and strong. The close supervision that obtains in income tax investigations and the constant vigilance of the intelligence unit have resulted in retaining for this work only the men who have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting.

Safe deposit boxes have been a haven of concealment for many liquor dealers. Feeling that the purchase of securities or real estate or heavy bank deposits might be incriminating evidence against them, they have rented vaults and put away the cash in bills of large denominations. One of the first steps taken by the careful investigator is to determine where the taxpayer may have a safe deposit box and then to ask him to open it in his presence.

While violators of the Volstead Act have been studying ways and means to conceal their unlawfully earned profits the agents of the income tax unit have been even more studious in devising systematic methods of uncovering them.

It all resolves itself into a race between the inexperienced lone individual who cannot expect cooperation from the law-abiding and honest with whom he must at some times do business, and the most powerful financial and investigating agency in the world, reinforced by the active co-operation of every patriotic and honest American. In fact, it is not a race at all; it is just a game, with the outcome a foregone conclusion.

THE END

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City..... State.....

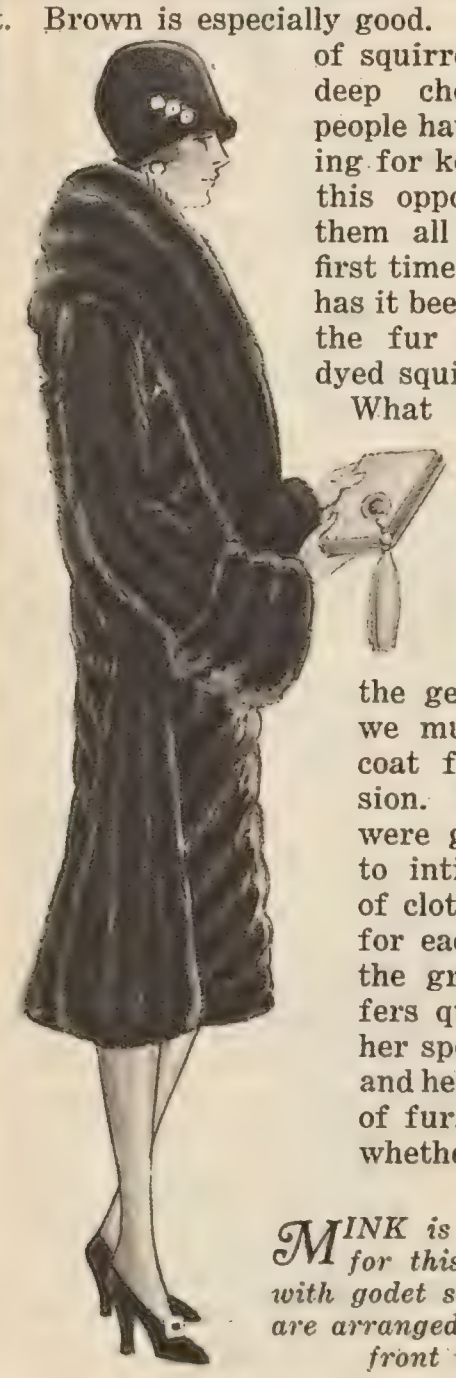
Dyed Furs Stylish *and* Serviceable *for* Winter Wraps

By

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

ONE warm afternoon last month a group of fashionable Newporters sat on the outskirts of a tea-musicale on the lawn of a magnificent villa discussing what kind of furs would be smart as well as practical for the winter season. Mrs. Vincent Astor, if I am not mistaken, held out for dyed squirrel. That, if nothing else, would indicate that this is the fur of the moment; although there are other signs as well. As a rule, I don't pay much attention to what the smart set is wearing, but when Mrs. Astor passes, I sit up and take notice. She always looks so nice. She had on the hat that she wore to The Wedding, which, of course, means that of Muriel Vanderbilt. The hat was round and brown, like an apple pie, and fluted like one. She wore also a long, straight embroidered coat, French, of course, which paid its deference to the present full hem line by having a band around the bottom that stood out from the straight length of the silhouette, and this was of a bushy, dyed fur.

Dyed fur! You cannot go wrong on it. The French have walked the straight and narrow path of fashion with it for several seasons, and this year squirrel, in any but its native color, would appear to be the favorite shading. However, choose any that becomes you. Or more important, as the Parisians would say, select that which becomes your wardrobe and blends in with it. Brown is especially good. I have one of squirrel, dyed a rich, deep chocolate, which people have been mistaking for kolinsky. I take this opportunity to set them all right for the first time. Never before has it been admitted that the fur was only just dyed squirrel.



MINK is the fur chosen for this afternoon coat with godet sides. The skins are arranged in inverted V's front and back.

What has surprised me more than all else in every fur discussion is the light way in which participants accept the general fact that we must have a fur coat for every occasion. We thought we were going quite far to intimate that one of cloth was expected for each dress. Now the grande dame refers quite casually to her sports coat of fur and her afternoon coat of fur. I don't know whether she says anything about her furs for going to church, but she calls to her maid for her evening ermine.

THIS evening coat of white ermine or rabbit, has the popular waistline, lower in the back than in the front, with a full skirt.

Being practical minded, I have chosen to show here one of the best all-round coats for every requirement, ranging from sports to evening wear, and travel. For such a purpose, leopard skin trimmed with Hudson seal is smart, becoming, and generally effective. Two furs thus combined, by the way, are smarter than one fur used by itself. The spots on the leopard look awfully pretty with the rich brown softness of the sealskin when the sun shines on it, and it ripples as one walks.

Still, the evening wrap is always the most alluring. And it seems too bad to make daytime coats do night service, too. It's against all union rules governing the hours for coats to work. Yet many of us ruin an otherwise alluring appearance by going out in evening dress with just any old rag of a day coat on over it. You wouldn't find Mrs. Vincent Astor doing that!

An evening coat this year needn't necessarily be such an extravagance because I think those merely fur trimmed are cleverer than those that are all of fur. They are lovely in brocades and you can select your material to fit your own allowance for evening clothes; as expensive—or the reverse—as you like. Pretty color schemes and lines placed exactly right are most effective. The French stopped wearing expensive furs years ago, on account of not having them or the money to buy any.

Get your rabbit or your squirrel dyed a pretty shade of brown or gray to blend nicely with the pretty nuances of blue or pink in your material, and follow, say, the lines of the brocaded evening wrap shown here. It is very smart to stripe the fur collar as shown in the model with white. Or, pocketbook permitting, swathe yourself in the other evening model of rabbit or ermine, thus rendering all other feminine beholders jealous, and making the heart of the wearer glad.

BROCADE with moleskin collar, cuffs, and border work into the charming evening model at the left. The fur is striped with ermine or white rabbit.

THIS general utility wrap (right) utilizes leopard skin, with collar, cuffs, and godets of Hudson seal.

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

Tailored Fall Frocks Are Flattering *and* Practical

By PATRICIA

CHARMING, practical styles, beautifully designed and suitable for wear at any hour are featured in the sketch above—and when you examine them, undoubtedly you will want them all. Particularly attractive about them is the adaptability to the season's modes in the fabric matter. Satin crepe, the dull and shiny surfaces being used together, Scotch tweeds, worsteds, and velours are in marked evidence this year for fall frocks—and the models shown will work out nicely in any of them.

Pink French voile, with collar and cuffs of pale blue voile, gives a touch of striking contrast to the cunning design No. 2392 for girls of 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. English prints, plain striped and dotted dimities, shadow striped voiles, pongee, wool jersey, or wool rep would be appropriate. The 8-year size requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch with ¼ yard of 30-inch contrasting material.

A cool frock of white georgette crepe with navy dot, the cascading jabot with picoted edge, caught at waistline with an ornament, is expressed in pattern No. 2443. Note the diagram—how simple it is to make this frock. If you desire a plain tailored style, the jabot may be omitted. For fall wear, select crepe satin, crepe de Chine, flat crepe, suede cashmere, charmeen, or velvet. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 2⅞ yards of 40-inch with ⅞ yard of 18-inch contrasting material.

A flattering and feminine model, fashioned of striped tub silk, with tiny tucks at waist and gathers over the bust, which combine to give a slender silhouette, is shown in pattern No. 2461. For fall wear, flannel, kasha, crepe satin, wool rep, or jersey would be practical. Cuts in sizes 36 to 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3¾ yards of 36-inch with ⅛ yard of 18-inch for collar and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

Navy blue taffeta fashions the interesting design No. 2482, to wear in town on a cool day. The trimming is of silk in cross-word puzzle check—a novel, becoming idea. It may be made of tub silk or linen for resort wear with short sleeves. For fall wear, choose kasha, charmeen, or twill. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3¼ yards of 36-inch with ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

Apron design No. 2312 will be appreciated by women who realize how difficult it is to find an apron that will not slip off the shoulders. Here is a style that takes very little material and is attractive and practical at the same time. Cuts in sizes 36, 40, 44, and 48 inches bust measure. Cretonne in a chintz design, smart checked gingham, or cotton broadcloth is a pretty and serviceable material to choose. Takes 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material with 6¾ yards of braid for the 36-inch size.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

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Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

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"AND there is Janet with Steve," she said. "They think they're in the shadow, poor things, where nobody can see."

When He's Outgeneraled by the Despised Younger Generation—That's What Makes a Smart Business Man Really Smart!

A Romance of the Orange Country

By

MARK LEE LUTHER

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

MURCHISON finished cutting the diminutive lawn with regret. At least a week must elapse before he could find an excuse to cut it again. Between these red-letter days there was only the hose to ply or his car to clean. He trundled the lawn mower to the garage and now, completely a gentleman of leisure, entered the bungalow by the kitchen door and watched his wife make a cake. She was an agreeable picture thus engaged, but they had been so long married that his perception of her pictorial quality was not acute.

"Why do you use three eggs, Myra?"

"The recipe calls for them."

"Wouldn't two do as well?"

"They might."

"Then why don't you try it with two? Women haven't enough initiative. Cooking recipes or dress styles, they take the say-so of somebody else. By the way, did you send back that hat I didn't like?"

"Yes, Dan."

"That's right. I'll go with you and pick out something sensible that'll keep the sun from your eyes. If there's a place on God's footstool where a woman needs a hat that's a hat it's California."

He cruised restlessly from dining room to living room, looked into the bedrooms, and brought up once more in the toy kitchen of their toy house.

"Where's Junior?" he asked.

"Out with the Boy Scouts."

"Again! Where's Janet?"

"She went on a beach picnic with the people next door."

Murchison digested her report darkly.

"And I retired to see more of my family."

"You certainly see a good deal of me," said his wife with feeling. "Why don't you learn golf?"

"Golf!"

"Or read?"

"I've read myself half blind."

"Well, then, get out the car. Why not drive round by the ranch? You know how you enjoy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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seeing someone else toil and moil to make it pay."

And, as times uncounted they had asked these questions and made these answers, so had they motored where they went today. No matter which road Murchison took out of Los Angeles, he eventually swung into the valley and passed the scene of his labors for twenty years.

His thoughts continually sought the ranch and far oftener than his wife knew the ranch saw him in the flesh. Had she not been with him today he would have stopped to tell Archer that it was six weeks since he'd irrigated and that he'd better see the *zanjero* at once. Did the muttonhead count on rain in September! For months Murchison had had to prod him to do the things he should. He might as well have been running the place himself, so constantly was it on his mind.

TONIGHT, as was his habit, Murchison went outdoors for a breath of fresh air before turning in and so caught a fragment of conversation not meant for his ears.

"He doesn't realize that he's wearing us out, poor dear," his wife's voice drifted from Janet's window. "Of course he can't help it. He is so big and the house is so small."

Then his daughter, with the authority of her cocksure generation:

"It's absurd for a man of his age to retire. It isn't done any more. Not that I blame him for being sick of the ranch—I was, too—but he ought to find something else to do. No woman wants a man underfoot all day. If I were you, mother——"

By ten o'clock the next morning he was at the ranch. The advice he had meant to offer was superfluous. To his surprise the water was already coursing in the furrows between the tree rows. Archer stood by the roadside watching it flow.

"So you've given 'em a drink at last," Murchison greeted him with less than his usual tact, which was never excessive.

"Good morning," said Archer crisply.

"And of course you're getting ready to plant your spring vetch? This is the month for it."

Archer merely nodded. He was an easy-going soul, but the ceaseless surveillance of his predecessor had begun to irk him. Murchison sensed a spreading chill.

"You may think I'm butting in," he said, "but I mean well. An ex-banker naturally has a lot to learn about the citrus game."

"I appreciate your point of view."

The other man thought that he might have put it "interest" instead of "point of view," but these niceties of speech went out of mind as the nearest orange tree drew his glance.

"Don't let those suckers get a start," he warned. "Nip them whenever they show up. And I advise you to fumigate before many months. It's almost a year and a half since I had it done. You can't afford to take any chances with scale."

Archer gazed upon his possessions with a harassed look.

"There are so many of those infernal pests," he sighed.

"Yes," drawled Murchison, eyeing him shrewdly. He jumped a furrow and inspected another tree with a gravity which seemed to portend the worst. "No," he said. "I was mistaken. When I noticed those dead leaves I thought it was foot-rot, but there is no loose bark and no gum. You must keep a sharp look-out for those signs. Watch also for a sooty mold."

"A sooty mold," repeated Archer, as if memorizing the precious lore.

"Yes. *Pythiacystis citrophora.*"

"My God!" exclaimed the amateur. "It sounds horrible. There's so much to this business besides harvesting the fruit."

"I'll say there is. And the harvest—if the frost doesn't spoil it—is a science in itself. Look here, Archer: I begin to feel sorry for you. I can see that you got in deeper than you reckoned when you fell for a pretty view. I don't want you to lose money and I don't want this place to run down for lack of proper care. With the right arrangement I might be willing to take it off your hands."

The citrus grower became once more a banker. "At what figure? I should expect some return on my investment."

"But, man alive, the ranch has deteriorated. You ought to let it go for less than you paid."

"Well, I shan't," said Archer, biting off the words.

"In that case," said Murchison, with a benevolent gesture, "I'll be generous and refund the purchase price."

"You're wasting your breath."

"So? Well, then, I'll sweeten the offer with five per cent on your money while you've held the property. How does that strike you?"

"I'm not interested."

Murchison tugged at his collar.

"Then what in blue blazes do you want?"

"I want the ranch," he said flatly. "If you're so keen to get it back it must be worth keeping."

"You're a pig-headed old fool," shouted Murchison.

"You're a meddlesome jackass," bellowed Archer. "Who asked you to come here day after day and poke your nose in my business? I don't want your advice. I don't want your company. Clear out!"

II.

THOUGH he took a long drive and mused by the bracing sea, Murchison still seethed when late in the afternoon he reached home. Janet was entertaining a strange young man in the living room and Junior a picked troop of Scouts in the back yard. The kitchen, where Myra was baking biscuits, was torrid, but here he poured out his wrath against Archer.

"S-s-sh!" warned his wife as his voice rose. "Don't let Janet's caller hear you. He'll think I'm the one you're raking over the coals. He's staying for dinner. Put on a clean shirt."

"Who is he?" he demanded in a hoarse whisper. "What does he want?"

"He's Stephen Tilden, an Easterner. Janet met him in Colorado Springs. I'm sure he followed her out here. I don't know about her—she's grown so reserved—but there is no doubt as to his feelings. You should have seen his face light when he caught sight of her."

"It must have been a treat," said her husband grimly.

He felt slight interest in the phenomenon. It was the beclouded face of Archer which filled his mind's eye. But young Tilden, he discovered, was not negligible. He was handsome without seeming aware of it and, though a New Yorker, showed no disposition to instruct Californians in the way they should go.

"Tourist or prospective settler?" inquired Murchison.

"I think I may call myself a prospective settler," the stranger said, coloring.

"What's your line, Mr. Tilden?"

"I was with a bank till I came West. But I'm thinking of trying something that will keep me outdoors."

"That's the right idea," said Murchison. "I haven't much use for bankers. One named Archer has soured me on the whole tribe. He

"YOU'RE a meddlesome jackass," bellowed Archer. "I don't want your advice. I don't want your company. Clear out!"

bought my ranch and a more stubborn, opinionated, cantankerous mule I've never met."

"Why, father!" protested Janet.

"And I don't care who knows it," he continued, warming to his theme. "He deserves to be shown up. I've tried to give him the benefit of my experience, watched the place as if it were still my own. Dollars and dollars I've saved that bonehead, and now——"

"Don't go into all that, Dan," cut in his wife. "Mr. Tilden isn't interested."

"Of course he is," said Murchison. "He's a man and can appreciate a man's point of view. I want to get his opinion."

The guest looked as if the honor done him was more than his years could bear.

"My opinion isn't very valuable," he replied, and added that he must be on his way. Janet went with him to the curb and was a long time gone. When she re-entered the house she turned directly toward her own room.

"I like that chap," called her father. "When is he coming again?"

"I don't know," she answered in the hollow accents of tragedy. "Perhaps never."

Time, however, refuted this extreme pessimism. The New Yorker came again and often. He had acquired a glossy roadster and took Janet for evening rides in the foothills. They returned at seemly hours, but fell into a habit, annoying to Murchison, of sitting in the car at the curb. He had few opportunities to tell Tilden what he thought of Archer and, even when he could free his mind to him, his listener was noncommittal. And Janet, the suddenly mature, was as uncommunicative. Murchison could not fathom the rising generation.

"They don't seem the same breed that we were at their age," he told his wife. "Why are they so close-mouthed? Does she want him or doesn't she?"

"Don't ask me," she replied. "But he wants her. She let that out when she came back from Colorado. She refused him when she learned that he would expect her to live in the East. She wouldn't hear of any place but California and he was just as set on New York. He must have changed his mind as soon as she left. She hadn't been home a week before he was ringing the doorbell."

"Then I've a poor opinion of him. If he wants the girl why doesn't he show her he means business and land a job?"

"How should I know, Dan?"

"But what do you think?"

"I'm tired of thinking about it."

"You must have some notion. You can't think without thoughts."

Whereupon Myra, grown desperate, produced an idea.

"Perhaps," she said wildly, "he has retired like you."

This in turn stimulated her husband's mental processes. Myra had never been nervous or flighty in the old days. They were a happy family at the ranch. They would be happy there again if Archer could be brought to listen to reason. Of course one could get nowhere with him in a personal interview, but perhaps a letter temperately composed might penetrate what he called his brain. It took half a dozen drafts before he achieved his ideal, but in the end the result impressed him as bland to a degree. It ran thus:

DEAR ARCHER:

How about it now that you have cooled off? You know that you are as big a misfit as a citrus grower as I am as the barber of a city lawn. I'm sorry I called you a pig-headed old fool, for I don't believe you're a day older than I am. What's your selling price? I'll pay anything reasonable. *Yours truly,*

DANIEL MURCHISON.

P. S. Reasonable means reasonable.

He received by return mail this reply:

DEAR SIR:

Too late. *Truly yours,*

JOHN ARCHER.

P. S. Your apology noted and filed for reference. It would take the entire bench of the Supreme Court to decide what it means.

MURCHISON could not conceive wherein he had been obscure. He ached to put the riddle to its author, face to face, but the memory of their last meeting rankled. "A meddlesome jackass"—that was what the ingrate had called him. No; he couldn't go to him.

The ranch was another matter. He could not refrain from driving by it at least once a week. He would speed past the house, lest Archer spy him, and then slow down for a painful survey of so much as could be seen from the highway. Things were never up to his own standard. Yet they might have been worse. Thanks to his meddlesome self that bungling greenhorn would have a good harvest. Barring frost, of course. If a freakish drop in temperature caught Archer napping there would be the devil to pay.

Archer should be looking after the smudge pots. This worried him till, midway in November, he saw them in place. There they were aligned in their squat sheet iron ugliness, one to a tree, ninety to the acre, a little army all told. Murchison reviewed them with the emotion of a superseded general.

But in Archer's generalship Murchison had no faith whatsoever.

Did he know whether the pots were loaded, if the main tank was filled? It was doubtful. Probably he trusted the whole works to that foreman he'd hired against the most disinterested advice. That numskull had only a shade more sense than his boss. An incompetent

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blatherskite, always in hot water with his Mexican hands. Faugh!

Murchison could no more help speaking of these things than he could help brooding over them. The family breakfasted, lunched, and dined on Archer's sins of omission and commission. One still December evening, following a day when from sunrise a cold wind had blown from the snow-capped peaks, he regaled them with a morsel especially choice. He had just seen the gentleman rancher, he reported, idling in a downtown hotel.

"With Nick Allen, the oil man, and Bernstein, who backs the Supersuperb Film Corporation," he added, as if this aggravated the crime.

"How did you know who they were?" queried Myra.

"I asked the cigar stand clerk."

"And you men call women curious!"

"That's not the point," said Murchison bitterly. "Would you catch me toasting my shins by a steam radiator in the city when the mercury had slipped below forty? It was all I could do to keep from snaking him out of his chair."

Janet went out and looked at the veranda thermometer.

"It stands at thirty-seven now," she said. "I don't believe it will go lower. It's years since we've had a real freeze."

"And, anyhow," said her mother, "it's not your crop, Dan. Do forget Archer and take me to the movies."

MURCHISON went unwillingly. The films bored him as everything bored him since he lost his occupation. What satisfaction could a rational mind derive from these mere shadows of activity? The newsreel, the quips from the press, the antics of a cross-eyed comedian, the plight of a beautiful heroine cast away unchaperoned on a desert island with all the comforts of home moved him only to yawns. But he was wide awake when he came out into the nipping night air and at a corner drug store caught sight of a thermometer.

"Jumping Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "It's touched thirty-four!"

"Perhaps it's wrong," said Myra. "These street affairs often are."

But Murchison's own instrument vindicated the druggist's.

"I'm going to ring up the ranch," he said as he thrust the key in the lock. "No matter what that fathead calls me. If it's thirty-four here the cold spots up the valley are in for frost."

He strode to the telephone, but could rouse no one at the ranch.

"Not a chirp out of them!" he stormed. "Archer is still loafing

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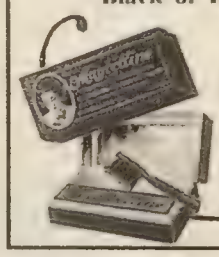

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town, of course. The rest of hat shiftless crew are snoring eir heads off in bed."

"Oh, maybe not," said she, resutely sanguine. "Maybe they're it in the grove and hard at work."

He paced the floor and deounced Archer, but finding himlf without an audience, stopped nort.

"Where are you, Myra?" he alled. "Where's Janet? Where's unior?"

His wife reappeared from the ear of the bungalow.

"The children must have gone or a walk. They're not in their ooms. Better come to bed, Dan. hey'll be back soon."

He gazed at her as if her words eld no meaning.

"I'm going out to the ranch," e announced. "I've got to do it."

"Very well," she said quietly. I'll go, too."

She snatched up a heavy coat nd followed him to the garage to nd him fuming over the mechanm of his daughter's little sedan.

"They went for a ride, not a alk," he said. "They've gone oy-riding in the touring car. Toight! Neither of them has the ense of a tadpole. How am I to et speed out of this damned permbulator?"

Yet he contrived to do it for ome miles. Then, as they eached the first town in the valey, the gasoline failed.

"Wouldn't you just know it?" e groaned. "Wasn't it bound to appen? That girl has no head, tell you. No head."

Luckily a service station was lose by and still open. As he ranked the pump the attendant ave them news. The night riders ad been abroad since sundown. t was twenty-six in one of the ow-lying orchards. The Co-operative had been busy with the vires. Murchison muttered to imself as he again swung into he road. Of what use were warnngs to those who would not hear? But some had heard. Soon the reek of burning oil tainted the air.

HE passed a grove where dusky figures, their nostrils bound with handkerchiefs, hurried with flaring lighters from heater to heater. As he shot by he flung them a critical side glance. There was art in this work. Smudge illcontrolled might do almost as much harm as the blight it fought. That foreman of Archer's, even if he were awake and had rounded up his Mexicans, could not be trusted to do a clean job. At best he'd save the fruit from frost only to spoil it with soot. One had to know these spots.

"We'll sight the ranch at the next bend," said Myra, staring through the gloom.

"I dread to round it," he confessed.

But when they did round the bend a husky cry escaped him. Over the whole orchard spread a yellow glow. Every heater was in action and burning as it should. Limp with relief, he slowed down and gazed his fill.

"They've even had the sense to put an extra row outside," he marveled and then, in ungrudging admiration, owned: "I couldn't have shot them better myself."

Bringing the car to a halt, he searched the scene, but nowhere could he descry John Archer. Not his, this swift and victorious counterattack upon the ancient foe. Nor could he credit it to the foreman. He, too, was missing. Then he caught a closer glimpse of the workers.

"SOME of that outfit don't look like Mexicans," he commented. "And they aren't, by hickory," he added, starting up. "Well, I'll be hornswoggled! They're Scouts, Myra. Boy Scouts. And there's Junior!"

"And there is Janet with Steve," she said. "Under that third tree. Oh, don't look! Not yet. They think they're in the shadow, poor things, where nobody can see."

Murchison vaulted out of the door in haste to join the lovers in their tryst.

"What I want to know," he said, "is who in thunder is running this show?"

"Your daughter," said Tilden. "She came to tell us what to do and brought the boys to help us do it."

"But it's Steve's show," said she.

"I don't get you," said Murchison. "I don't get you at all."

"She means that it's my ranch."

"Your ranch! Since when?"

"I took it over two months or so ago."

"But where is that—that——" He could not at the moment adequately name the loathly worm.

"Mr. Archer? Oh, he concluded that it was a mistake to retire to the country and is starting a bank in Los Angeles."

"Yet he wouldn't sell to me!"

"No. He was as firm as the Sierras on that point. But I'm not so prejudiced, Mr. Murchison. You can do business with me any day. Janet and I both feel that we'd better live nearer my work. The fact is, I'm to be associated with the new bank."

"Archer's bank?"

"Yes."

Murchison peered at him in the flickering light.

"You've got mighty thick all of a sudden with that hidebound, pettifogging, narrow-minded old hunks."

"No," he corrected. "Not all of a sudden. I used to work for him in New York. You see—I really wanted to tell you this before—you see, the old hunks is my uncle."

THE END

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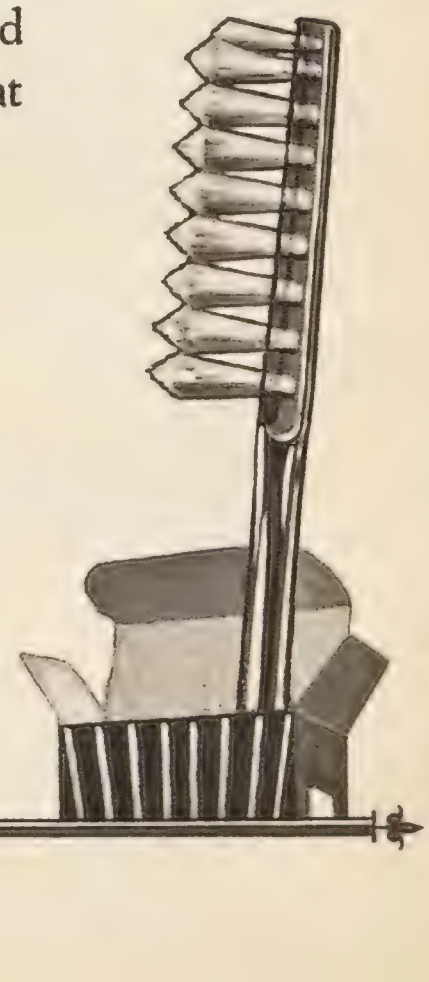

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ORO

Planning *the* School Lunch

By Ethel M. Somers

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

THE average growing child requires more food each day than his father or mother. His school lunch should be a real meal, for it supplies one-third of his day's nutriment. Haphazard food combinations do not meet his needs. What is lacking in the noon meal is doubtless still lacking at the close of the day. Habitual shortage foreshadows a malnourished child, together with irregular school attendance, lassitude, poor scholarship, and perhaps a cramped future. There is no substitute for wholesome food and no real competitor to it.

If the school child is allowed to choose his own school lunch he must be trained so to do. Eating is not a mere pastime but a business. The untrained child in choosing between bread and honey or bread and milk will always cater to his "sweet tooth" in spite of the fact that the milk supplies just as much energy, plus three times as much mineral, plus two times as much protein, plus additional vitamins. He "dotes" on rich, highly seasoned foods—and unless you train him to think of the values of plainer food, they will escape his attention entirely.

What chance has a wholesome sandwich with a mustard-smeared "hot-dog," or a steaming cup of cocoa with a stinging bottle of pop? Unless you train the school child it is best to supply his lunch for him in full or to be supplemented by some directed hot dishes. Even at high school age you will find too often that he spends his lunch money foolishly.

Providing lunches that are both tempting and wholesome calls for thought and skill. But the trouble is amply repaid in the school child's health.

To supply a desirable lunch for a family seven days a week is a problem. To plan five of these to be portable yet tempting and nutritious is worthy of the mettle of a practiced problem-solver. Nevertheless, do it.

A suitable container is one of the essentials of a well-ordered lunch. it must be compact, odorless, well ventilated, sanitary, stout, and easily sterilized. A permanent container best serves the child, though a fresh paper bag daily may do quite as well for the more painstaking adult. Such durable cases vary from the metal case fitted with accessories, to the folding metal box, or the perforated tin pail.

Whatever the type of case you select, it must be completely emptied at the noon hour, scalded out with the dinner dishes, and repacked judiciously with ample waxed paper wrappers in the morning. Fried left-overs from breakfast carelessly wrapped and stuffed hurriedly into a coat pocket will never do!

Though vastly important, the container is but a minor consideration to the lunch itself. This must contain milk in some form and fruit as factors of safety, plus enough sandwiches or other type of fillers (see menus herein) to satisfy the body needs. A daily surprise included in the form of a simple sweet (particularly a fruity sweet) not only indirectly aids digestion by giving pleasure, but often appeases a craving for sweets. The endless energy of childhood necessitates great quantities of calorie foods, but these should be supplied at meal time. Only lunches of milk and bread or fruit are permissible between meals.

The greater part of the lunch should be something substantial—a plain, well-flavored food. This may be sandwiches, cream soup to be packed cold and reheated, custard, cereal pudding, eggs, macaroni, baked beans, or a cheese dish. Accompany this with something juicy and crisp, such as raw fruit, baked fruit, celery, lettuce leaves sprinkled with water and wrapped in waxed paper, or cold fruit or vegetable salad imprisoned in a screw-top glass or cup. These enhanced by something sweet, as jam, jelly, or marmalade oozing from whole wheat covers, or simple cookies, plain cake, dried fruit, or a simple pudding, provide a variety of tempting and satisfying lunches that will wear well: Cold fried foods, rich cakes, pastries, pickles, and highly seasoned foods should be excluded from the child's lunch box. They are his enemies—not his helpers.

HARD-COOKED EGGS. If the eggs are to be easily digested it is important that the eggs are not boiled in the cooking process. Egg whites are toughened and made more or less indigestible by boiling. Put the eggs into cold water enough to cover, cover the pan and place on the fire. Heat to just below the boiling temperature and maintain this temperature for ten to fifteen minutes. Let the cooked eggs cool in the hot water.

A Week of Tempting Menus for the School Child

Substantial Foods	Tempting Relishes	With Milk	Sweets
Menu 1—Sandwiches: Made from whole wheat, white, brown, graham, nut, raisin, peanut, prune, or chocolate bread; filled with butter, egg, peanut butter, nut paste, salmon, cheese, baked beans, sieved and mixed with tomato sauce, chopped raisins or dates, jam, jelly, fruit butter, meat sliced or chopped, cottage cheese, chopped peanuts and salad dressing.	Fresh raw fruit, as apples, oranges, plums, grapes, bananas, etc.	Iced, plain or chocolate or malted.	1 or 2 pieces of candy or peanut cookies or raisins, etc.
Menu 2—Eggs: Hard-boiled or stuffed in sandwiches, or raw to be cooked in egg cup. Bread and butter.	Lettuce.	Cocoa carried iced and reheated.	Cookies, date or oatmeal. Baked apple.
Menu 3—Baked beans, bread and butter.	Whole tomato or stewed tomatoes.	Iced.	Gingerbread or graham crackers, sandwiches with sweet chocolate filling.
Menu 4—Scalloped potatoes or macaroni and cheese or spaghetti and tomato sauce or Spanish rice (all to be heated at school).	Stuffed prunes or dates.	Iced or in macaroni.	Apple or fruit sauce with plain cookie or cup cake.
Menu 5—Cream soup (carried cold and reheated). Lima beans, peas, potatoes, spinach, lettuce, celery, asparagus, are pleasing soup materials. Bread and butter.	Radishes.	In soup.	Sponge cake.
Menu 6—Vegetable soups in variety (to be carried hot). Bread and butter.	Celery.	In pudding.	Junket, custard, sweet chocolate, dried fruit, etc.; cereal pudding, rice, wheat, Indian tapioca, bread.
Menu 7—Egg souffle or omelet (cold) with peas or ham.	Sliced raw apple.	Chocolate milk.	Fruit pudding, wafers.

Fruit Pudding

1½ cups prune pulp
½ cup prune juice
1 inch stick cinnamon
⅓ to ½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons cold water
1 or 2 tablespoons lemon juice

MIX the prune pulp and juice. Add the cinnamon and sugar and heat to boiling. Slowly stir in a paste made by mixing the cold water and cornstarch smooth. Boil and stir until the mixture thickens. Cook over water ten to fifteen minutes, add the lemon juice and pour into molds. Serve cold with or without whipped cream.

Scent *o' the* Blossom

An Idyll of Springtime and Dawn and Everything

Composed for the Silver Screen by **R. J. B. Denby**

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

He noted that she was delicately drying her mouth on the back of her hand.

DORIS WINSLOW, a ravishing debutante, was the pampered daughter of millionaire Thermos K. Winslow.

As she was leaving her father's palatial New York home on Park Avenue one morning she collided with a tramp.

"Why the hell don't you look where you're going?" he said.

And as Doris raised her eyes to his she realized, for the first time, the meaning of love—love at first sight. For a moment she regarded the tramp's cute pink toes, peeping shyly through his shoes, and then, with a glad little cry, threw herself into his arms.

"I love you," she murmured, stroking the three days' growth of beard on his chin. She clung closely to him. The scent of his hair intoxicated her.

The tramp pushed her roughly aside, and hurried away in the direction of New Zealand.

[*CAME DAWN.*]

One day Doris decided to turn to music for consolation, and that afternoon took her first violin lesson. By four o'clock she had completely mastered the instrument.

The following night she gave a concert. The audience went wild, for never before had they heard the violin played with such skill.

Just about this time gold was discovered on Fifth Avenue.

Red Mike, the outlaw, was in Los Angeles when he heard of the rush. He immediately leaped into his saddle and rode for New York, reaching there about eight-thirty the same evening. Being a great lover of music, he parked his broncho in a drug store and strolled into the Deerfoot Opera House just as Doris was playing Jack Dempsey's "Lullaby in L, Op. 10 seconds." After the performance he waited for Doris at the stage door. As she emerged he removed his two-gallon hat and spurs, and, taking a diamond about the size of a coconut from his pocket, offered it to her.

Doris told him that she was not in the habit of accepting presents from strange bums.

Red Mike was enraged. He screwed his monocle into his eye and galloped off to his hotel and went to bed.

Now Red Mike had a sweetheart, an Italian named Listerina Cascara Sagrada, and she had seen him offer the diamond to Doris. Seething with jealousy, she crept up to Red Mike's room, and, following an old Italian custom, plunged a stiletto into his heart while he slept.

When Red Mike woke the following morning and found the stiletto in him he called loudly for help, and one of the bellhops went up and removed the dagger.

Later he wandered about, hoping to catch a glimpse of Doris. At last he saw her emerge from a bootlegger's store. He noted that she was delicately drying her mouth on the back of her hand.

Just as he was approaching her, he was accosted by a poor old man, who said, "Could you spare me a dime, sir? I haven't eaten in four years. I'm getting so hungry."

Without answering, Red Mike intercepted Doris.

At this moment an exhausted old dray horse fell on the road near them.

Sobbing with pity, Doris ran over, picked the tired animal up in her arms and carried it tenderly into the nearest hotel. She put it to bed, and, under her careful nursing, it commenced to grow strong.

During the horse's convalescence Red Mike contrived to see much of Doris.

Doris eventually became so attached to the horse she had befriended that she decided to adopt it. She took him South and entered him for the Kentucky Derby. Red Mike accompanied them.

DORIS named the horse Southern Melody, because in the movies she had never seen a mustang bearing that name fail to win the Kentucky Derby.

At last the day of the great race arrived.

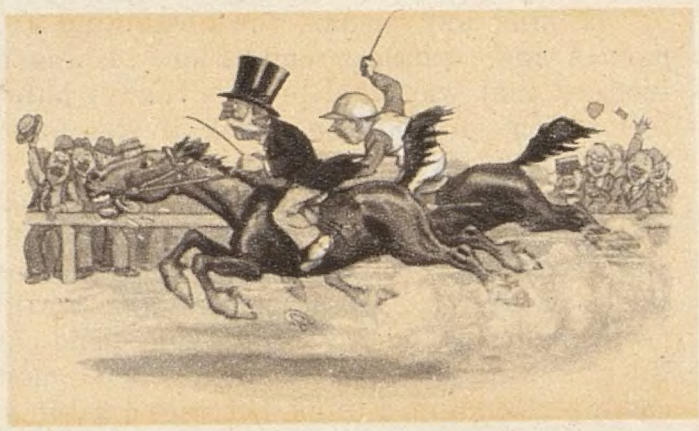
When Doris found that one hundred to one was the price on offer against her horse she put a million dollars on him. Now the bookmakers scorned the possibility of Southern Melody being able to win, but they did not feel inclined to take *any* risk about losing so much as a hundred million dollars, so just as the horses were going to the post one of the bookmakers rushed out and killed Southern Melody's jockey with a piece of lead pipe.

Doris dashed about frantically in search of another jockey, but none could be found. When she told her horse this he burst into tears. She was leading him back to his stable when his heart-rending sobs attracted the attention of an old gentleman.

"I will ride your horse, miss," he said.

And without waiting to remove his silk hat, morning coat, or white spats, he leaped on Southern Melody and galloped to the post.

Now the starter was a bad man and had backed a horse called Teapot Dome to win him a large stake. Cunningly, he sent the jockeys off into the woods to gather wild flowers; all except the jockey of Teapot Dome. When the jockeys were some distance away from their horses the starter gave the signal to go, thus giving Teapot Dome an unfair advantage.



Doris' horse crossed the tape a head in front.

By the time Southern Melody started, Teapot Dome was leading the field by about three-quarters of a mile, but the courageous Southern Melody hurried after the leader, wore him down, and, amid indescribable excitement, crossed the tape a head in front of the animal that had been so favored by the starter.

The following day Doris, Red Mike, and Southern Melody were returning to New York on a special train with their vast winnings stowed away in two baggage cars when a man on the track signaled them to stop. Then some two hundred armed Mexican bandits suddenly sprang out of the bushes and demanded the money carried in the baggage cars.

Quick as lightning, Red Mike drew his sword and attacked the robbers. The battle lasted nearly three hours, but eventually Red Mike put them all to death. As he shook the last bandit from his sword a smile played over his features, for he felt that after fighting so gallantly for her, Doris would at last consent to be his. He tried to take her in his arms, but she told him she had given her heart to another; a tramp she had once seen outside her father's house in New York.

Disappointed, Red Mike went to bed.

Later on a figure wriggled out from beneath one of the seats. It was the tramp with whom Doris had fallen in love. He explained that he had joined the Mexican bandits, but when he saw they were being beaten he deserted them and hid in the train. He said he had now decided to marry her and let her keep him for the rest of his life.

Doris ran to him and the tramp gathered her to him in a bear-like hug.

Hearing their ecstatic gasps, Red Mike peeped out of his berth, and the spectacle filled him with a paroxysm of jealous rage.

He leaped out and engaged the tramp in combat. They were both expert swordsmen and fought like wildcats, but eventually the tramp managed to fasten his teeth in the calf of his adversary's leg and render him powerless. And then, as the train was crossing a bridge, Doris held the door of the car open while the tramp hurled Red Mike into the rapids a thousand feet below.

"And that's that," remarked Doris, with quiet dignity.

[*FADE-OUT:*]

Doris and tramp in one long, clinging, clutching, suffocating, frenzied, devastating, catch-as-catch-can embrace.

THE END

Wide World Photos.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey at the Longchamps races.

Chick Evans in action.

Rogers Hornsby, National League idol.

Babe Ruth lofting one.

Jess Sweetser of amateur fame.

Britain's intrepid Cyril Tolley.

Temptations *of* Champions

Disclosing That Sometimes an Athlete's Admirers Are His Greatest Enemies!

An Article by HUGH FULLERTON

WHAT chance has a youth who is a champion golfer, baseball player, football star, boxer, tennis player, or who achieves fame in any line of athletic sport in the United States, to overcome temptation and avoid ruin?

Recently I compiled a list of forty athletes who a score of years ago were in the limelight of publicity. Today more than half of them are either worthless or dead. Few achieved anything worth while in later life.

Those athletes who have reached high places are those who were strong enough to resist the temptations thrown in their paths. The forty chosen had been great stars. Perhaps their temptations were greater than those of others.

In football, in fact in the majority of college sports, the training to resist temptation is coordinated with the training in the sport itself. In other lines of athletic endeavor, uncontrolled by discipline or organization, the number whose careers are wrecked, not by the sport, but by associations formed through the sport, is great. And the proportion of those athletes who are ruined through professional sport is at least double that of college letter men.

The champion athlete, no matter what his line, who survives the experience of adulation and escapes being ruined is as strong morally as he is physically. Only those in sport, perhaps only the champions themselves, understand the extent of such temptations.

The mail of a champion boxer, if made public, would wreck many homes. Before his marriage Jack Dempsey received more notes from those he classes as "fool women" than any person in America except possibly Jack Barrymore and Valentino. The same is the case with every winning athlete.

We had a young Southerner with a team once who said:

"Ah dunno what a common ohrdinary ball player is gwine to do. All the gals in the East is after Babe Ruth and all in the West after Rogers Hornsby. Whah is an ordnary player gwine to get himself a gal?"

Young golfers of more than ordinary ability meet with temptations more than any other class of athletic devotees. Most leading amateurs are youngsters. At Brookline several years ago Chick Evans was a veteran among them. Most members of golf clubs, on the other hand, are middle-aged, prosperous, and many wealthy. They like to play with the boys who can play in the seventies. Entertainment usually takes the form of offering drinks. And drinking ruins playing skill.

JESS SWEETSER, once amateur champion, and within a stroke of repeating his championship in 1923, is one of the handsomest and most popular of the younger generation of golfers.

"A golfer naturally feels flattered and under obligations to so many people who are nice to him," Sweetser said. "He is invited to many places and urged to accept hospitality. The people he meets usually are wealthy and good fellows, and a young man sometimes finds it hard to keep his balance—and some of us have not succeeded. I am not taking any credit or claiming any medals for abstaining from parties and resisting temptation. I was not inclined that way, and besides that, I hate to feel rotten—a condition which always follows a big party.

"There is another danger to a young champion at any sport, as I see it. Take the young golfer who may come from a family not possessed of wealth. He associates with wealthy people or people who live high and spend carelessly. Naturally he learns to spend money easily. Spending, I think, becomes a habit, and it is much harder for a fellow who has had a few years of such life to settle down and liv on an earned income."

This situation explains to a large exte the usual outcome of international matche An American team visiting Great Britain, fo instance, is under a heavy handicap, not be cause of the difference in climate or the str of realizing their friends are relying upo them, but because of the hospitality extende to them. After a round of dinners, luncheon formal affairs, and dances, they usually are i poor shape to enter a contest. The princip reason for the failure of British teams in th country, likewise, is social rather than athleti

Cyril Tolley, one of the leading British gol ers, who has led four teams in attempts t capture the American championship, was badl beaten in his first effort. He returned the ne year to Brookline, determined to devote hi self entirely to golf and to refuse all hosp tality until the tournament ended.

The strangest feature about this hero wo ship is that most of it is not sincere, bu selfish. Many persons aspire to bask in th reflected glory of the champions for the mo ment. The best protection is for the athlet to realize how quickly this class of admirer quits them if they lose.

I remember one time, after the Chicago Cub had won a championship and were returnin home, a crowd was surging around them, cheer ing and shouting words of praise. The lat Frank Chance was pushing through the crow and brushed a fellow aside.

"What's the matter, Frank?" the man pro tested. "Don't you know me?"

"Yes," said Chance, "I remember yo You're the guy that was yelling 'You b bum' at me when the White Sox beat us."

THE END

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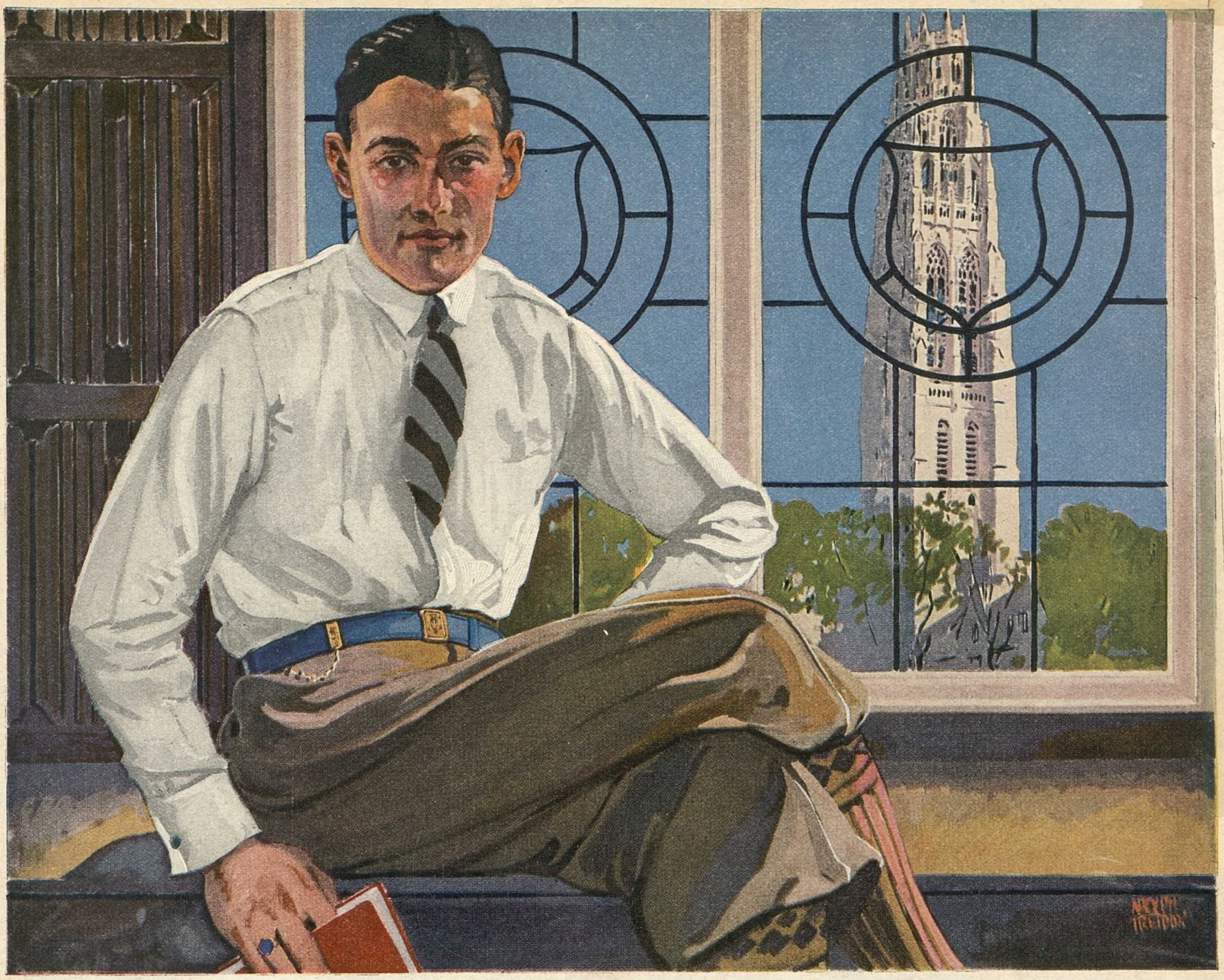

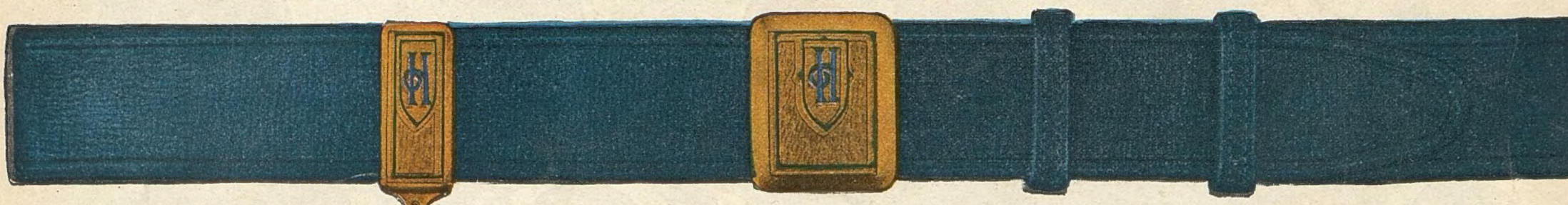

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Suit	*Buckle & Beltogram*	*Belt*
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Black	Silver or Gold	Black
Light Gray	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Tan, Blue or Gray
Dark Gray	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Black, Tan or Gray
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